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THE NATION

JUNE 29, 1974 *50 cents*

Chicago Looks Beyond Daley

Michael Kirkhorn

THE HITLER VOGUE

Herbert S. Levine

Women & Violence: The SLA

Gilbert Geis

Steven Marcus: 'ENGELS, MANCHESTER & THE WORKING CLASS'
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LETTERS

disfranchised Europeans

Manhattan, Kan.

DEAR SIRS: The ever perspicacious analysis of French political life by Claude Bourdet and the equally incisive treatment of West Germany by Herbert Levine [*The Nation,* June 8] share one fault. Neither makes reference to the vast numbers of members of the industrial working class of both nations who are denied any voice in the legal political system: the foreign workers.

In France, were the millions of members of the "floating proletariat" from Senegal, Portugal, Spain, etc., allowed to attain citizenship and vote, the true division of France's political spectrum would accord more directly with its social spectrum and the Left would come to power. The situation is more complex in Germany with its Italian, Yugoslav and Turkish workers, but there is little doubt that they would largely support the SDP.

In both countries, the strength of working-class Socialist movements in the legal, political sphere is sapped by the fact that large numbers of the industrial proletariat are excluded from the political process. . . . The greater exploitation of foreign workers in the economic sphere has the added benefit of dividing the potential strength of the working class in the political sphere. *Harold L. Orbach*

flourishing Golan

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Earlier this year a friend and I were watching the TV program *Sixty Minutes.* A scene of the Golan was shown; it was rock-strewn; the impression was that of a barren waste. My friend said the opposite was true; the Golan was possibly the richest farmland in the Middle East. She had been there in June 1968. The tour guide said the Golan was desirable not only as farmland but as a bargaining pawn in future negotiations with Syria.

My friend was also told that Russian Jews would be ideal persons to settle this area, since they all had skills and trades useful to a new settlement, whereas Jews with business backgrounds from other countries would be liabilities. The building she saw was fast and feverish; it may be she was witnessing a phase of the building of the kibbutz Merom Ha Golan mentioned by Herbert Krosney in "Israel: Terror & Promise" [*The Nation,* June 8].

David Seidman

overkilling the SLA

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Such varied sources as Director Kelley of the FBI, County Coroner Noguchi, Mayor Bradley of Los Angeles, cartoonist Conrad of the *Los Angeles Times* and radio station KFWB (editorial department) have felt compelled, in face of increased citizen criticism, to praise the search-and-destroy tactics used by the law-and-order forces that fire-bombed the SLA contingent into extinction with a manpower ratio of 500 to 6. The usual term used is "professionalism." The usual explanation is that not a single bystander or neighbor was injured or killed. This works both ways. If, as we are told early and often, the SLA-ers were "armed to the teeth" and "dangerous," then why wasn't a single bystander or neighbor wounded or killed? I would tend to agree with the father of one of the killed SLA-ers that the alleged professionalism left much to be desired. Perhaps "overkill" would be a better word, recalling the Vietnam police action with its wave after wave of B-52s, day after day, year after year. *Colton P. Pick*

The editors welcome letters from readers but regret that space limitations often prevent publication of those of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

Scorecard on a Journey

It will be some time before the effect of the President's hectic seven-day journey to five nations in the Middle East can be properly assessed. Measured in terms of the diplomacy of public relations, the trip was on balance successful. If neither entirely spontaneous nor unrehearsed, the receptions were friendly and impressively large. But the cordiality diminished as the President proceeded from Cairo to Jiddah, Damascus and Amman, and in Israel there was a distinct coolness, even to the extent of hostile editorials and misgivings voiced by Prime Minister Rabin. Cordiality with Egypt has reached a new high, diplomatic relations with Syria have been resumed, Saudi Arabia may be a bit less extortionate in its petroleum prices and deliveries, and Israel and Jordan were offered reassurances in exchange for patience and cooperation. So the door to peace may have been opened—a bit.

But there were some hitches. The commitment to build a nuclear power plant for Egypt has disturbing implications, coming in the wake of nuclear explosions by India, China and France. The Middle East is a dangerous area in which to stimulate nuclear rivalries. The Egyptian reactor will be fairly big—600 megawatts—as large as some built for American utilities. Israel is promised comparable treatment but that is not an even-handed offer. The Israelis already have a French-built reactor, apparently not subject to international controls and said to be capable of producing enough weapons-grade plutonium each year for a few small bombs. The concern expressed by Prime Minister Rabin over safeguards insuring only "peaceful uses" of the Egyptian reactor is understandable. Also the Israelis were naturally somewhat miffed by the announcement that they were given advance notice of the nuclear negotiations with Egypt when that was not the case.

An important consequence of the President's visit was the way in which the Arab states passed the buck to him on the crucial question of a homeland for the Palestinians. Syria, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan and also Lebanon would like to be relieved of the burden of the refugees and the hazards involved in supporting their cause. So they were more than willing for the President and Dr. Kissinger to assume—or to be made to appear to assume—responsibility for finding a solution to this most difficult problem. For the moment this may not be a hot potato for Mr. Nixon—he can temporize and take evasive action—but it places an added burden on American diplomacy both for him and for his successors. In diplomatic terms, as Holger Jensen points out in an AP dispatch, the President demonstrated to the leaders of the four Arab states he visited his "active neutrality," but he does not seem to have brought them closer to a compromise with Israel. President Sadat was not speaking for Egypt alone when he bluntly told Mr. Nixon that there is no possibility of a durable peace until a solution is found to the Palestinian problem. King Faisal was equally blunt. There will be no real peace, he said, "unless Jerusalem is liberated and returned to Arab sovereignty, unless liberation of all the occupied Arab territories is achieved and unless Arab people of Palestine regain their rights to return to their

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homes and their right to self-determination." Finding a basis of compromise on these issues will tax the negotiating skills of Henry Kissinger who, on the record, is better at papering over difficulties than finding solutions for them.

On balance, then, a tentative assessment would be that the trip was a qualified public relations success, marred somewhat by Kissinger's emotional outburst at Salzburg. In terms of old-fashioned diplomacy, the trip can be said to have achieved certain minor or peripheral objectives. Diplomatically, the Arab states got more from the trip than Israel, and Washington has now been saddled with some new responsibilities and burdens. It remains to be seen whether or not the President can turn the trip to good advantage in bargaining with the Russians. In terms of what is called "impeachment diplomacy," the President may have gained a few points in the public opinion ratings, but his Watergate difficulties continue to multiply and there is little reason to believe that he is in a stronger political position to fight off impeachment charges than he was before he left.

The Ogre of Inflation

In the long view, nothing is as important for the country's democratic future as the correction of the usurpations and criminalities of Watergate. But Gov. Calvin Rampton of Utah made an undeniable observation at the recent National Governors Conference: "Inflation leads all the other concerns of the people by so far that that there is really no other problem in the same league."

There is no intent in this context to lay all the blame for domestic inflation on the Nixon Administration. Other nations in the West have the same problem. But, with the possible exception of Italy, no government is as confused, divided and seemingly helpless to deal with its economic difficulties as the United States. We have had economic troubles before, but the present muddle is without precedent. The Great Depression was more severe, but strenuous efforts were made to cope with it.

Sen. Lloyd M. Bentsen (D., Texas) spoke his mind forcibly on this topic recently (*Congressional Record*, June 7), and his words had better be heeded before the leaderless economy breaks down beyond repair. The President's sole contribution so far has taken the form of soothing and unsupported assurances that inflation will be reduced to a less uncomfortable level by the end of the year. The last time Mr. Nixon resorted to his worst-is-over formula, Dr. Arthur Burns, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, said on the very next day that inflation at the present rate could "threaten the very foundations of our economy." Dr. Burns is not given to alarmist pronouncements, and if the truth lies somewhere in between, it is probably nearer to his view than to that of Mr. Nixon, who picks and chooses among conflicting statistics and forecasts according to his political needs.

There are supply shortages, yes (alternating with excesses of some commodities from time to time), but Rep. Wayne Owens (D., Utah) hit the nail on the head when he complained of a "severe shortage of economic leadership" (*Congressional Record*, June 12). In this respect the situation has rapidly worsened. George Shultz was no miracle worker as Secretary of the Treasury, but

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he was candid with the people and cooperative with Congress. He is a responsible person: it was his misfortune to serve in an irresponsible administration.

Some eighteen months ago, Mr. Shultz was to head a newly formed Council on Economic Policy, a counterpart to the National Security Council. The CEP was to coordinate the activities of the Council on International Policy, the Cost of Living Council, the Federal Reserve and the Departments of Commerce and the Treasury. Somehow, CEP never got off the ground.

President Nixon appointed Kenneth Rush as his chief economic adviser, or, in journalistic parlance, economic "czar." Mr. Rush is a lawyer, not an economist. Quite possibly he picked up some economic lore along the way, but he does not choose to share his learning with the appropriate Congressional committees. Senator Proxmire, co-chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, invited Mr. Rush to discuss President Nixon's midyear economic report with the committee. Mr. Rush declined on grounds of executive privilege—an excuse which, also, he picked up somewhere along the way. Mr. Proxmire, in no pleasant frame of mind, canceled the hearings and is now trying to persuade members of the Appropriations Committee to deny funds to pay Mr. Rush's salary until he consents to appear before appropriate Congressional committees.

A dogfight seems to be going on between Roy Ash, who heads the Office of Management and Budget; William Simon, the new Secretary of the Treasury; Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, and no doubt other high-level functionaries. Mr. Rush was appointed to bring order out of chaos, but the Congress is also involved in these matters, and he has started badly by flouting Mr. Proxmire's request.

In an overall view, we have often been told of the maldistribution of wealth in the United States and the resulting evils. Representative Owens alludes to this when he points out that wealth in the amount of $10 billion annually is being transferred from the lowest three-fifths of our income groups to the richest one-fifth. The family trying to make ends meet on $12,600 a year had to pay an additional $1,200 in 1973 just to maintain the living standards of 1972. Labor reacts by striking for higher wages. Unemployment is chronic at about 5 per cent. The economic situation may not be desperate at the moment, but there is general uneasiness, and who will say it is without justification? The truism runs that things must get worse before they get better. Without leadership, how can they get better?

The Shame of New York

In this second year of Watergate it might have been expected that New York's political parties would recognize the importance of presenting candidates who could breathe new life into the political process and give voters something to cheer about. But either the political system has failed or voters themselves are somehow at fault, for it is difficult to find candidates for state office on any of the tickets that measure up to the urgencies of the times. It is a shameful state of affairs and one that bodes no good for either state or nation. New York may no longer be "the Empire State" it once was—California ranks first in population—but it is still a key state politically. For years it was the pacesetter in national politics. It had, for example, a tradition of strong leadership in Albany, witness governors such as Hughes, Smith, Roosevelt, Dewey, Lehman, Harriman and Rockefeller. But in this critical election year the eyes of the nation will not focus on New York. The reasons for this painful lament can be bluntly stated.

On the Republican side, Gov. Malcolm Wilson is a political hack; his inadequacies are so conspicuous that former Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, who despite some fine achievements did not resign in a blaze of glory, was the party's hero at the state convention. As usual, the Republicans had agreed on this year's ticket before the convention, but this regular show of unity is no virtue: it merely emphasizes how dull, tired and inept the party has become. The Republican Party as such was not much even with Rockefeller at its head, and his long dominance doubtless accounts for its present sorry plight, but without him it is an aggregation of mediocrities. A state that has never shown much affection for Nixon is now presented with a Republican ticket which he doubtless approves and would support if he dared.

The Democrats are more interesting, if only because they are less well-disciplined and more quarrelsome. But these aspiring heirs of Franklin Roosevelt are mostly chattering pygmies. Being offered a choice between Rep. Hugh Carey and Howard ("The Horse") Samuels of OTB fame is almost as depressing as being forced to choose between Governor Wilson and either of them. In the current fashion, both parties came up with state tickets that stressed ethnic-religious-regional "balance"—neither seemed to think race was very important—rather than demonstrated ability or leadership qualities. Note exceptions, of course, for Senator Javits, Attorney General Lefkowitz, Republicans; and Allard Lowenstein, Robert Abrams and Ramsey Clark, Democrats. The Conservative and Liberal Parties were, as usual, bargaining for jobs and patronage. All in all, a most unappetizing political bill of fare. The question is, why?

New York has a bastard primary system. To be meaningful the primary should be in June, as in California, not in September. The party conferences, staged in June, are expensive, largely meaningless, and not very entertaining shows. The Democrats went to Niagara Falls this year with the same candidates for state office whose names will appear, in all probability, on the September primary ballot. The conference makes it relatively easy for a candidate to qualify in the primary, but it does little to produce unity. In brief, New York's peculiar combination of conventions and primaries exhibits the limitations of both systems and the virtues of neither.

What is most striking about New York politics at the moment is that new political talent is either in short supply or is finding it extremely difficult to emerge. In the June 4th California primary, Democrats had a choice of five good candidates for governor and any number of minor candidates as well; the contrast in New York is clear. A few attractive and energetic figures have emerged in the New York Congressional delegation of recent years, but on the state scene a new crop of candidates is sorely needed. One reason for the relative dearth of

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new talent is the high cost of campaigning. That is no disadvantage if the candidate has wealth as well as ability, drive and charisma, but it is a major deterrent to candidates of modest means. Access to the media is the name of this particular game and that requires money or an ability to manipulate the media or both. Neither major party in New York is a model of what a state party organization should be.

The Republican machine is dominated from the top down. The Democrats may be fortunate in having a number of rival bosses instead of one, but the existing bosses are inept, myopic, stupid, provincial and corrupt; by contrast, Mayor Daley of Chicago is a boss of stature and distinction. At the same time, the reform Democrats are frenzied moralists who will suffer defeat gladly for the sake of preserving verbal consistency and attachment to often irrelevant issues and positions. New campaign laws combined with reforms in the primary system would make it possible to breathe new life into New York politics; at the moment, the state presents a striking example of the decay of a once vital political culture and tradition. Columnist Pete Hamill draws a mostly accurate indictment in the *New York Post*: "Let's face it: none of the Democrats is a true man of vision. Not one offers a view of our society, our state, or this city"—what a drag Mayor Abe Beame is on the Democratic Party!—"that could make us believe that life will get anything but worse. It's the same old vague mixture of liberalism and craftiness, the sort of thing that allows something like abortion to become a major issue, while we continue to disintegrate as a people. . . . All of our traditional values have been exposed as venal and corrupt"—a major current scandal involves the Boy Scouts!—"Men of power or money can plea bargain; the poor go to prison for years. . . . But the Democrats still talk only of tactics, of ethnic tickets, of voting blocs. That's just not enough. The times are desperate, and these people should not be allowed to run for office as if it were some sunny year in the days of Chester Arthur." And the real shame is that New York is basically a progressive state, the kind that would respond to a leadership that appealed to the best instincts of its diverse and bouncy electorate.

Deadlier Than?

Lizzie Borden took an ax to her vexatious parents, so the association of women with violence is not exactly new on the scene. But it does seem that the emergence of roughly half the population from its role as the second sex —a movement very loosely summed up as women's liberation—coincides with some startling changes in the statistics of violent crime. Kitty Hanson, writing in the New York *Daily News*, has produced sobering figures: From 1960 to 1972, according to the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports, arrests for all serious crimes were up 81.7 per cent for men, but for women 256.2 per cent! Among the young, the picture is similarly grim: violent crimes committed by teen-age males rose 203.2 per cent; among girls it was up 388.3 per cent.

It is murky sociology to draw a strict cause-and-effect relationship between liberation and crime, but one psychiatrist, Dr. Leon Salzman of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, remarks: "There is no biological reason for the female to be less aggressive than a male. It's just that being aggressive had no meaning in a woman's life until she had the possibilities a man does." And it is worth noting that the film industry—whose products, particularly in the "B" category, are a kind of barometer of popular trends—has followed its fad of black James Bonds with a spate of bosomy Jane Bonds (knives and karate, for the most part).

And Margaret Mead, whose loyalty to her own sex can scarcely be questioned, suggests that—as criminals and revolutionaries—women may easily outdo men in ruthlessness. "Females," she points out, "have been accustomed over the centuries to fight only to save their young, and so they fight to kill. They have no built-in chivalry."

Female street gangs are a new and particularly terrifying aspect of present-day urban life; these marauders, usually young, often small, seeming less than formidable to the innocent observer, tend to inflict more pain on their victims than do their male counterparts. But the most publicized violent females of the recent past do not come off the streets or out of the ghettos; they are daughters of the middle class who, having joined communal "groups" or revolutionary "armies" appear to associate violence with living up to their avowed "principles" (see article by Gilbert Geis, page 812). Said a woman arrested in a feminist demonstration: "It's a heartening sign that the crime rate is up for women. It bespeaks the fact that the rage women feel is getting translated into some kind of action." That is a constructive way of looking at it, but it might be more heartening still if women, coming late to knives, guns and dynamite, were to reflect on how little social advancement men had achieved by adopting a policy of violence, and decided to express their rage in some less feral form. Of course, the very great majority of them have done just that.

Dear Sirs

A man and wife who own a few shares of Westinghouse stock have sent us a copy of a letter they wrote earlier this month to the corporation. We quote at some length:

> We write to object sincerely and urgently to the expenditure of corporate resources, and to the action itself of the corporation, in seeking to prevent disclosure to employees of information relating to employment of women and minority group persons at the East Pittsburgh plant and at the Fraser & Johnston wholly owned subsidiary in California.
>
> After conferences, the U.S. Government decided that it was appropriate and proper to give this information to the employees. You have gone to great trouble and expense to sue the United States to prevent this. (*Westinghouse Electric Corp.* v. *James A. Schlesinger, et al.* E.D. Va., Civil Action 118-74-A.)
>
> This is a law suit that you never should have filed. (One is reminded of corporations in the past which expended legal efforts and resources to oppose child labor laws or to prevent or avoid laws requiring fire escapes on industrial buildings.) It is in plain bad taste. It wastes funds. It is extremely poor employee relations. . . . This action represents Westinghouse Electric Corporation as being racially bigoted and opposed to equal opportunity for women. . . . This kind of policy making stands con-

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tra to every current standard of corporate social responsibility and citizenship.

Our correspondents do not tell us that they have received a reply from Westinghouse; whether or not they do depends presumably on how many other stockholders object to this miserable suit. Americans by the millions own stock in American industry, and whether they realize it or not, the future of U.S. corporate behavior is in their hands. If they awake some day to discover that industrial imperatives have supplanted the Bill of Rights, they will have only themselves to blame. Eternal vigilance applies to big business as well as to big government.

THE HITLER VOGUE

HERBERT S. LEVINE

Munich

Twenty-nine years have passed since the terrible end of Hitler's Third Reich. The German Federal Republic has enjoyed constitutional rule for twenty-five years. To the envious foreign observer, it appears to be doing very well indeed, even in this period of worldwide economic uncertainty and recession. Despite an increase in unemployment (still trifling by American standards), the general economic picture is good, with a healthy balance of trade and relatively slow inflation. Germans dress well, eat well, and enjoy burning expensive gasoline in expensive cars at speeds well above 80 miles an hour. Much of the dirty work of German society is done by imported foreign labor, but even among the resident foreigners there is little real poverty—by the standards of most other industrial nations. But today's prosperity and stability cannot entirely eradicate the past. There is hardly a West German family, regardless of the details of its private history, that does not carry a burden of personal sorrow from the years before 1945. And quite a few families maintain as well a collection of closeted skeletons.

Until recently, West Germans were understandably reluctant to deal with the Nazi period, and for this they were frequently criticized. Memories of the Third Reich were normally awakened only by foreigners asking rude questions, or by the trials of Nazi criminals. Since 1970, however, there has been a visible, if slow-paced, change in this situation. By 1973 the cumulative effects were obvious enough to attract attention abroad. The same foreign critics who once attacked the Germans for suppressing their past are now busy denouncing them for resurrecting it. It is certainly true that ghosts once determinedly buried are now being called up willingly, almost casually, and in good part for profit.

So far, attention in the United States has focused on two biographies, Werner Maser's *Adolf Hitler* (Harper & Row) and Joachim Fest's *Hitler* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), the former by a certified academic and the latter by a journalist. Maser's book came out in Germany in 1971. Interest in it was stimulated by the appearance of a collection of Hitler's letters and other documents, edited by Maser and serialized in *Spiegel* last year. Fest's work, a later entry, was serialized in the more popular *Stern*. The appearance of English translations has provoked considerable interest in Britain and America. Book reviewers and news magazine staffers have felt called upon to do more than merely summarize the contents and evaluate the quality of these two massive works. It has been widely noted that they are only two of a large number of books devoted to Hitler and Nazism currently on sale or being published in the Federal Republic. This collective event, together with certain other manifestations of interest in the Third Reich, has been labeled the *Hitlerwelle*, the "Hitler wave." Interpretations of its significance have been as numerous as the interpreters.

To the embarrassment of many Germans, the foreign interest in the possible significance of the *Hitlerwelle* has coincided with a very modest, but noticeable, increase in right-wing political activity. The situation in Germany is quite different from that in Italy, where certain circles openly glory in the label "Fascist" and where Fascist terrorism has become a serious problem. No German group publicly calls itself "Nazi," or accepts the label when applied by its enemies. It is true that there is a brand of German "patriotism" that has never been able to come to terms with the postwar world. While such people deny that they are anything other than conservative, patriotic and anti-Communist, newspapers like the *National-und Soldaten-Zeitung* and political groups like the National Democratic Party frequently defend aspects of the Nazi record, and play that grim numbers game called "How many Jews?" In elections this sort of appeal has been a failure, because it is manifestly irrelevant to the current political scene.

In its own period, Nazi appeal succeeded because it was a function of perceived economic and political instability. In the absence of serious problems of that sort in the Federal Republic such political tensions as do exist are absorbed by the two major parties. The radical right-wing (some would say "neo-Nazi") approach finds an echo mostly among those who are themselves interested parties—convicted or convictable Nazi criminals, members of the Waffen-SS vainly fighting to receive veterans' benefits, and irreconcilable refugees from East Germany.

The political influence of these groups is increasingly limited by their advancing age and lessening numbers. However, they are not entirely without younger followers. The individuals who recently invaded a West Berlin exhibition documenting Nazi crimes in Poland and sprayed the photographs with red paint were youngsters active

Herbert Levine is a historian of National Socialism, and the author of Hitler's Free City: A History of the Nazi Party in Danzig, 1925-39 *(The University of Chicago Press). He is at present living in Munich while writing a study of the relationship between the Nazis and their Jewish victims.*

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in the campaign to free Rudolf Hess. These same young people are probably responsible for painting over Berlin street signs to read "Rudolf-Hess-Strasse." At the same time that these activities have been making the headlines, there has been a noticeable increase in National Democratic Party organizing among university students, most probably in response to the renewal of left-wing student activism.

Does this very small current of radical right-wing activity have anything to do with the *Hitlerwelle*? There is no question that some of the younger rightists are fascinated with things Hitlerian to a point that borders on the pornographic—a phenomenon not unknown in the United States. Isolated young people may express their social frustrations and hatred by collecting Third Reich memorabilia, putting up pictures of Hitler in their rooms and scrawling Nazi graffiti in public toilets (there are even a few nauseating examples in the Dachau memorial). None of this amounts to a "neo-Nazi movement," or to anything else of serious political importance, and it will never amount to anything unless the political situation in the Federal Republic changes in a manner so unforeseeable as to be beyond speculation. Certainly, radical right-wing politics and the hobbies of a few pathological Hitler worshippers are entirely insufficient to account for the increased interest in the Third Reich.

Memoirs and memoir-like works by Nazis began appearing in the 1920s. The best-known and best-selling was *Mein Kampf*, itself now enjoying a modest revival, despite the preventive efforts of the Bavarian government, which holds the copyright. The genre has been with us ever since the first publication of *Mein Kampf* in 1926, although the tone changed rather drastically after 1945. Postwar apologias by leaders of the Third Reich have sold consistently better than the memoirs of anti-Nazis. The most recent major success along these lines was Albert Speer's memoirs, which appeared in America as *Inside the Third Reich* (the Macmillan Co.). Accompanying the most popular works has been a stream of solid academic publications. Scholarly evaluation of the great heaps of evidence the Nazis left behind will be continuing for years.

What then is so extraordinary about the Fest and Maser books that they have attracted so much attention abroad? Nothing at all, except that they are complete, well-researched, modern and popular biographies of the *Führer* himself. Fascination with the personality of Hitler was a key to his movement's success, and a revival of interest in Hitler as an individual was bound to make foreign and domestic commentators take notice. Nothing like the Fest and Maser biographies has ever appeared in Germany or anywhere else, although many have written on this or that aspect of Hitler's life. The standard biography in English, Alan Bullock's *Hitler, a Study in Tyranny*, is more a history of National Socialism and the Third Reich than a true biography, and its forbidding academic style has prevented popular success.

There have been a number of scholarly objections to the Maser and Fest biographies. Both men, it is true, have made judgments on certain matters which they cannot adequately support, and which are likely to be rejected by other researchers (more biographies and partial biographies of Hitler are on the way). But both books are basically sound accounts of the life of their subject. Both are based on legitimate and exhaustive research and are therefore far more accurate than their American competitor, Walter Langer's *The Mind of Adolf Hitler*, a recent publication of a wartime psychoanalytical study, that is largely drivel. There is plenty of room for serious examination of any number of aspects of the history of the Third Reich, including the life and personality of its leader. Geoffrey Barraclough, a prominent British historian of Germany, has expressed the opinion that quite enough has already been published on Nazism, but the historical profession has fortunately ignored his suggestion.

The Fest and Maser biographies are unobjectionable from the "political" point of view. That is, they would leave a distaste for Nazism and for Hitler in the mind of any reader of ordinary sensibilities, German or foreign. They do not skimp on discussions of unpleasant subjects. "Neo-Nazis" would find little to comfort them in these books, and they are obviously not responsible for their brisk sale. Why are so many Germans reading about Hitler? Do they seek serious confrontation with their national past, as a minority has always done? Certainly many do, but there is something else at work. At this late date, Hitler and his movement are being normalized, and accepted as a part of the past. The Maser and Fest books are popular largely because they are well-written biographies of a well-remembered national leader who once played a vital role in the life of every German old enough to remember him. Now, for the first time, this generation feels free enough to indulge in re-creating both its positive and its negative memories—free enough to express what can only be called its "nostalgia." It is therefore reading biographies of Hitler. Younger people, whatever their political opinions, appear to be much less interested.

There is a good deal more to the *Hitlerwelle* than two biographies and a collection of scholarly and semi-popular histories. The most spectacular attempt at merchandising the Third Reich in Germany was the opening last year of the British film *Hitler: The Last Ten Days*, with Alec Guinness in the title role. The date chosen for the première was April 20, Hitler's birthday and a public holiday during his rule. This display of bad taste moved the head of the Munich Jewish community to write a public letter of protest, but the eventual failure of the film had nothing to do with guilt feelings, or with disgust at the open revival of a past better left dead. *Hitler* was a dull film, as even the most zealous fan of the *Führer*, or of Sir Alec, would have to admit. Had the film makers done a better job, they would certainly have cashed in on the *Hitlerwelle*. And the fact that the vogue could not carry a bad film suggests very strongly that it is to be understood primarily as a phenomenon of popular culture, rather than as a political event.

This impression is only strengthened by a look at the most ambitious attempt to capitalize on interest in the Nazi period, a periodical which began appearing last March under the title *The Third Reich*. This venture is

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worth a close examination. The publisher, John Jahr Verlag in Hamburg, calls it a "partwork." The sections, appearing every two weeks in slick magazine format, will in theory eventually form a complete "book." This approach imitates a method recently used with great success, first in Britain and then in the United States, to sell war history and the occult. John Jahr Verlag has used every trick in the trade, and has even improved on its models. The reader is informed that, if he buys every issue, he will possess "the most important work on the subject of the Third Reich that has yet appeared." The body of each magazine, separated from its cover, may be bound in the special binders sold by the publisher. Coupons in each issue may be collected and redeemed for phonograph records containing the "sounds" of the Third Reich. With each record, the collector will also receive a special folder in which to place the back covers from each issue, which contain a feature called "Humor in the Third Reich" (Nazi and anti-Nazi jokes and cartoons). There are facsimile newspaper front pages in each edition, reprints from Nazi, anti-Nazi (including Communist) and neutral papers of the period. Another feature presents human interest and other tidbits from the entertainment world of the 1930s. There is even a center fold, a large color picture which usually depicts at least one nude woman, either as an example of Nazi art, or as a sample of art the Nazis considered "degenerate."

The Third Reich is in good part pictorial, and includes some flattering portraits of Hitler and Hindenburg, suitable for framing should the reader be so inclined. As for the copy, most of it is more or less accurate, but the level is so elementary that distortion through oversimplification is inevitable. There are some selections from the works of well-known authors (e.g., William Shirer). A portion of the copy, particularly in the issue dealing with Ernst Roehm and the 1934 purge, is clearly intended to appeal to the "prurient interest." Far more emphasis is placed on rather graphic depictions of the homosexuality of Roehm and his companions than on their political activities.

The people who put together *The Third Reich* are not historians, as is plain enough from the quality of their "research." Neither do they appear to be sinister neo-Nazis, interested in preparing the way for a Fascist political revival. Some of the material in their strange magazine may be considered as tending to relieve Germans of the burden of their unique past, by discussing totalitarian manifestations at other times in other places. On the other hand, the participation of non-Nazi Germans (including leading clergymen) in the establishment of the Hitler dictatorship is clearly demonstrated. In no sense can the total impression given by the magazine be considered "pro-Nazi," despite the small swastika that appears on the cover of each issue. *The Third Reich* is a largely successful attempt to re-create the total atmosphere of the Third Reich in the minds of readers who remember the original. It may even interest 1930s buffs in the younger generation. It is, in short, a piece of "nostalgia," produced for profit just like the reissue of a vintage car or copies of earlier fashions in clothing.

For the overwhelming majority of Germans, National Socialism died with its creator in the ruins of Berlin. Precisely because it is dead and has little relevance to the highly complicated political and economic world in which they live today, the Third Reich is a fit subject for escapist reading. For the generation that can actually remember Nazism before the war, it was more than concentration camps and storm trooper terrorism. It was a time of renewed prosperity, of a return to political stability and of the satisfaction of national pride. The minority whose experience with the Nazis was extremely unpleasant probably steers clear of magazines with swastikas on the cover, but its sensitivity does not greatly concern the large public.

It's a simple fact that few older Germans feel personally guilty or ashamed because of Hitler and the crimes committed in his name and theirs. Insofar as they think about past sufferings at all, they are naturally more concerned with their own than with other people's. The Germans could not be made to feel guilty in 1945, and they cannot be made to feel guilty now. There was a time when they felt constrained to behave like repentant criminals, but it has long since gone.

West Germany's foreign policy in recent years has been a major factor in reducing international tensions, and a West German chancellor received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1971. The Federal Republic has fought no wars, exploded no atomic bombs or "devices," and oppressed not a single colony. It has determinedly made friends with its neighbors, most of them former enemies. It is well thought of in the Third World. Its leading politicians have successfully fought against the Nazi image. It is they who are among the most horrified by the appearance of the *Hitlerwelle*, both out of genuine repugnance and because they fear foreign opinion. But ironically, their very success in combatting the memory of Adolf Hitler has made it possible for Germans to relax a bit about their past, and to indulge their nostalgia as they wish. There has been no change in attitude, but there has been a dropping of inhibitions.

This is of course deplored by Jews, resistance veterans and Germans worried overmuch about their image abroad. There is not a great deal they can do about it. Like it or not, Nazi nostalgia is here to stay, for a while at least. There are still some bans to a full expression of the urge. It is illegal in the Federal Republic to use Nazi symbols for a commercial purpose, although no legal action has yet been taken to stop distribution of *The Third Reich* with its swastika. A genuine horror of Nazi crimes and of the ultimate results of anti-Semitism (as distinct from feelings of guilt) still imposes a measure of restraint. Since there are actually a number of true admirers of Hitler around, and since their opinions are not respectable, ordinary Germans hesitate to take the risk of being confused with real neo-Nazis. The same generation that remembers the *Führer* also remembers the war he brought, and that searing memory lends itself only with difficulty to the pleasures of nostalgia. But with all restraints, Germans will henceforth insist on remembering their own past, and will at the same time continue to believe that they are not particularly horrible people. Since they know that West Germany is a desirable friend to others, most

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of them will not be unduly concerned with the opinions of foreigners.

Foreigners and Germans nauseated by the latest developments in German popular culture may comfort themselves in their impotence by hoping that the popularization of the history of the Third Reich will remove some of the attraction that forbidden mysteries have always had, especially for the young. Suppression of the past, as practiced in Germany until quite recently and still practiced in part (especially in the schools), was always a bad idea. And there is one final point to consider. It is probably high time that "anti-Fascists" in Germany, in the rest of Europe and in the United States stopped fighting easy battles with a dead enemy. The merest glance at the current political scene should disclose a perfectly adequate number of live opponents. □

CHICAGO LOOKS BEYOND DALEY

MICHAEL KIRKHORN

Chicago

While Mayor Richard J. Daley was celebrating with the Ravenswood Manor Community Association the evening of April 26, fumes leaking from a chemical tank were driving thousands of his constituents from their apartments in a remote corner of the city's South Side. Ravenswood Manor is a comfortable, clean, safe, quiet neighborhood where even the gutters are swept. A protected enclave, its deep gardens overlook the north branch of the Chicago River, flowing brownly to the Loop a few miles away. When the community association has a banquet the waiters struggle under the trays of roast beef and self-congratulatory speeches are like sherbet. Altgeld Gardens, where people were gasping their way to breathable air through streets poisoned with hydrochloric acid, is a joyless housing development sometimes called "Alligator Gardens."

The situation was deplorable but not unusual. Chicago's reputation for symphonic music, scholarship, engineering and spacious parks is deserved, and the angular glory of the new Loop skyline is visible even from the broken sidewalks of the old stockyard district, a few blocks south of Daley's home in Bridgeport. But for many of its citizens, Chicago remains a dangerous and violent city. Three other less serious gas leaks occurred in the week when Altgeld Gardens was evacuated. During the week that this article was written four policemen were shot in separate incidents. But this is a city where the latest graft disclosure is a form of public entertainment, and it's safe to assume that more Chicagoans are talking at supper about the condition of the Bears' linebacker Dick Butkus' worn knees than about the inspection of chemical tanks.

The Mayor of Chicago might be expected to take crises in stride, and he usually does. But as he was summoned by a bodyguard from the banquet table he seemed flushed, obviously troubled. For once he looked 72 years old, this man who has retained a stocky vitality through forty-seven years as a Chicago politician.

Daley spent a tense half hour on the telephone. When he returned to the banquet he gave a speech remarkable only for the fact that he momentarily forgot the name of the president of the community association—an almost unnoticeable lapse that he corrected by naming her later with great emphasis.

The next morning, seeming refreshed, the Altgeld gases dissipating, Daley spoke at a meeting of the National Housing Conference, where he easily silenced a heckler, surprised some delegates by suggesting that he thought the public should know where savings and loan associations invested their funds and drew groans from others by indicating that his solution to housing abandonments was to spend $3 million this year demolishing buildings.

As he continued a hectic schedule the question was being asked with greater frequency: How long could he endure? Would he run again next year? The answer, or a part of the answer, came a few days later. On May 6 Daley felt dizzy and irritable. He was taken to a hospital. A series of misleading reports preceded the announcement that the Mayor had suffered a minor stroke and would need surgery to clear a clogged artery to the brain. While the physician's predictions were optimistic and though Daley himself was soon sitting on the edge of his bed enjoying a cake presented by the hospital staff, clearly the political situation in Chicago was beginning to shift.

Daley would have been challenged, as he had been before, by reform candidates, and the city was facing some intractable problems—street crime and the corresponding issue of police reform; a public school system which drove the middle class to the suburbs; jammed traffic. But the prevailing assumption had been that "Hizzoner" could continue to govern Chicago from his dual position as Mayor and chairman of the Cook County Democratic Party just about as long as he pleased. He was boss of a pervasive machine; as long as he lived and did not relinquish power, he commanded loyalty within the party. With loyalty and power intact and the support of business and labor assured, he could win elections against reformers who fail to do what they must if the machine is to be beaten: create a popular uprising of black and white working people.

Once Daley's illness was announced, a guilty rustling could be heard from certain back rooms. The doors always opened on pious outpourings of concern for the Mayor's health, but, an alderman confided, "There's jockeying, but nobody will talk about it." Prominent machine politicians trembled at the prospect that they might be named in the newspapers as likely, or unlikely, successors. To appear ghoulish would be bad enough, but to invite Daley's vengeance would be fatal. For everybody knew

Michael Kirkhorn is on the staff of the Chicago Tribune, *to which he moved recently from the urban affairs desk of the* Milwaukee Journal.

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that, somehow, he would be back. He would rest in his Bridgeport bungalow (Daley has never left his log cabin, and his police guards watch from a squad car in the alley) and then he would return. Who would replace him? Don't ask. Only columnist Mike Royko dared to say that Daley was through, could not endure another campaign. Only Daley's announced opponent in the 1975 Democratic primary, 33-year-old Alderman William Singer, was irreverent enough to attack the sick Mayor for supporting the construction of an expensive ($1 billion to $2 billion) crosstown expressway while the city's schools were falling apart.

Daley is more than Mayor. He is Chicago's patron, a legend, the embodiment of a hard ethic. The bloody clubbings inflicted by Chicago police during the 1968 Democratic National Convention would have embarrassed the administration of another city. But to the drinkers gathered around their tavern television sets those hot nights (and for their families) Daley was a hero. His police had beaten down a rabble of insolent hippies. No apologies were necessary.

In a way the tribute was unworthy. Where in that image of a furious and intolerant ruler was Daley the master of accommodation? Where was the state Senate Minority Leader who enjoyed long evening walks in Springfield while some of his colleagues were absorbed in furtive adventures with Capitol secretaries? Where was the politician who from the beginning of his career recognized that Chicago's horrid shanty slums had to be replaced?

When you ask an experienced observer how the Chicago Democratic machine operates, the usual answer is pronounced with a benign certainty, almost the conviction that what is, ought to be. "It's sort of a dictatorship," I was told. "Daley and six other guys tell everybody what to do . . . all the elected Democratic politicians. It's just like Peru, but they don't shoot people here."

The ruler of this dictatorship, holder of a night school law degree, had been secretary to an alderman and to four county treasurers when his name first began to appear regularly in the newspapers in 1936. That year, at the age of 34, he was selected from fifty candidates to be chief deputy county controller. The official reason was that he knew a lot about county finance. The same year he was elected to the state legislature, replacing a politician who had died a few days before the election. From passing references one may glimpse Daley, shrewd and watchful, even then looking younger than his years, serving dutifully as a source of information and occasional amusement for county board members.

When two wolves were shot and the hunters claimed bounty payments, a board member noted that the county had been cheated once before when bounties were mistakenly paid on dead dogs. "Having served with the state legislature last year," Daley was reported to have said, "I consider myself an authority on wolves." The next day the newspaper received an indignant letter from Daley denying the statement.

In 1939, by then a state Senator, Daley supported a bill which would have established public service building corporations to clear and rebuild slums. He urged governmental incentives "to bring back the civic spirit of Chicago where the situation is so bad that the people are being driven to the suburbs. . . . These bills will revive building, permitting thousands of building trades workers to get jobs and restore property that is now tax delinquent to the tax rolls." Four years later he introduced a bill to make it easier to take over substandard housing and demolish it. "One building without tenants, with the windows out, generally run-down, can blight an entire block or neighborhood," he said. Ironically this was precisely the kind of neglect he was accused of ignoring when he went before the National Housing Conference, and the spread of slum blight and slum violence would certainly have been an issue in next year's mayoral election.

Daley's power grew rapidly. In 1948, already mentioned as a prospective mayor, Daley was one of Gov. Adlai Stevenson's first cabinet selections. The new director of revenue also would plot the governor's legislative program. In 1953 he became chairman of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee, which, in effect, chooses nearly all Democratic candidates. Immediately, according to C. Clark Kissinger, a political observer and defeated aldermanic candidate, Daley began "to transform the party from a feudal structure ruled by rival bands of ward committeemen into a unified instrument able to transcend the traditional checks and balances in fragmented metropolitan government." By 1961, the year after Billy Graham, to Daley's amusement ("I'd like to have Willy come in and we'll show him around . . .") had called Chicago the "world's worst city," the Mayor predicted that Chicago would have no slums by 1971.

Many Chicagoans would consider the prediction preposterous, but the slums of Daley's youth were immigrant ghettos, dark, damp and squalid, often without sanitation or water. Those slums are gone. So, unfortunately, are many solid old neighborhoods now considered indispensable to the city's stability. Some were renewed into oblivion, frequently through the collaboration of the city, the federal government and educational institutions. Renewal moved black families from the vicinity of the cherished University of Chicago. An old Italian, Greek and Mexican-American settlement on the near West Side was torn down for construction of the University of Illinois Circle Campus.

Today the Loop is surrounded with satellites composed of medical centers and universities, many of their employees living nearby in apartment towers or the "rehabilitated" homes of the poor. These tend to be isolated settlements. The construction of inexpensive homes for working families has not kept pace. On the city's North Side, near Lake Michigan, crime increases as anonymous concrete apartment buildings displace the remnants of proud old neighborhoods and as the number of families, according to one researcher, declines to "statistical insignificance."

The renewal projects which have produced these dangerous disparities are the proud accomplishments of the Daley period. The construction of a University of Illinois campus required years of negotiation, often disappointing and frustrating. Now the campus, an intricate if confusing masterwork of the prominent planning firm, Skidmore Owings and Merrill, stands a short subway ride from the South Loop's great beacon, the new Sears Tower. It is

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Look

Mayor Daley at a Ground-breaking in the Loop.

all very impressive, but the people who lived there are gone.

This great dream of a new Chicago absorbed much of the energy of the machine and of the city's civic and financial leadership. And this great ambition—laden with inconsistencies, insecurity, impatience and crucial oversights—has made the machine vulnerable to the cross-tides of reform which threaten to change Chicago politics permanently, if not next year, almost certainly within the decade.

The inconsistency and neglect inherent in a policy of civic grandeur permitted the growth of truculent organizations like the Citizens Action Program (CAP), a coalition of black and white neighborhood organizations which drew 2,400 delegates to a convention where Democratic leaders were put in the same category as Syndicate hit men. Citizens' organizations are not so scrupulous that they refuse to work with the machine (for example, on home tax abatement) when it serves their purpose. The machine's efficiency when it wants something done is still its irresistible attraction, but a machine without Daley would command less respect. The prospects for a citywide coalition (CAP wants not clean but immaculate government) seem to be increasing. What this incipient movement needs is a leader. A leader could come from an independent Democratic movement, from the black community or from the Republican Party.

Alderman Singer, with Jesse Jackson a leader of the successful unseating of the Daley delegation at the 1972 Democratic National Convention, is running hard for nomination in the February 1975 Democratic primary. He is a maverick and can count on no support from the party. But he is industrious and he has a compelling issue at the core of his campaign—the generally acknowledged deficiencies of the public school system which, with street crime, accounts for the city's failure to attract more families to the housing that exists in the city. Singer intends to visit all of Chicago's 671 public schools and produce a report which obviously will be a denunciation of the system and of Daley's failure, through his appointment of school board members and presumed supervision of the schools' budget (to say nothing of his informal powers), to improve the schools. Likable and promising though he is, however, Singer is not causing much excitement in the neighborhoods, and black leaders express no special enthusiasm for his politics.

Black leaders are fairly ambivalent about 1975. Black voters traditionally support the machine, and their rate of voter registration is so low that even a sizable rebellion against Democratic orthodoxy would in itself only reduce the machine's great majorities. They also are devoted in surprisingly large numbers to Mayor Daley. "You can get thrown out of a lot of South Side bars by saying something bad about Mayor Daley," said Andrew C. Barrett, executive secretary of the Chicago NAACP.

Barrett reflects the opinion of many black Chicagoans when he says that the city "needs a competent mayor, no matter what his color." And he offers one obvious reminder. Chicago has a "weak mayor" system that prevents the executive from realizing policies with which the majority of the City Council disagrees. The source of Daley's great power is not only his position as Mayor, where he presides with impassive dignity over a roomful of quarrelsome sycophants, but also his position as leader of the County Democratic Party. "Can Daley change policy in the public schools?" one organizer asked. "Maybe not as mayor, but the chairman can do anything." So, in Barrett's terms, a strong mayor is the man who rules the machine. And as long as blacks are included, as they are, and if they continue to increase their measure of control in certain agencies (blacks, for example, run the Cook County jail and much of the local correctional apparatus —though, to be fair, it should be noted that most of the inmates are black) they will not be easily persuaded to abandon the machine—police mistreatment notwithstanding. Nevertheless, a black candidate is expected to emerge, if not in the primary, where he would divide votes with Singer, then in the general election next April.

The machine's true nemesis, however, is neither black nor Democratic. He is James R. Thompson, the 37-year-old U.S. Attorney for the Northern District of

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Illinois. [See "An Honest Prosecutor: Thompson Shocks Cook County" by Don Rose, *The Nation*, March 9.] A spotless Republican with powerful friends, Thompson thus far has shown political instincts so faultless that one wonders whether he would be satisfied to be mayor of Chicago. William J. Scott, the Republican Attorney General, said almost in the same breath that Democratic Secretary of State Michael Howlett would be a strong mayoral candidate but that Thompson could be the mayor and might some day be President of the United States.

Imagine a Chicago politician who could make this statement sound convincing and you will understand something of Thompson's promise.

"The philosophy of my office is simple," he said. "Public office belongs to the people. It doesn't belong to the man who holds it. It's not his to use to reward himself or his friends. The least the people are entitled to is faith and trust in the public officeholder."

Thompson has backed up this creed by indicting five aldermen or former aldermen, police officials, the Mayor's press secretary, the circuit court clerk and by successfully prosecuting former Illinois Governor and federal Judge Otto Kerner and former State Revenue Director Theodore J. Isaacs for mail fraud, tax evasion and conspiracy. Daley says the indictments are part of a vendetta; when he was asked if Thompson was running for mayor (which Thompson will not admit) Daley replied, "Undoubtedly." Daley reportedly was most upset by the indictment of his close friend and political associate Thomas Keane, and he was hurt when Thompson ordered an investigation after it was disclosed that a city committee had awarded a $747,000 insurance contract to a firm which had been paying legal fees to Michael Daley, one of the Mayor's sons. Thompson also filed discrimination suits against the Chicago Police and Fire Departments and he has joined the growing number of Chicago leaders who have been saying (as police corruption and brutality have once again become open issues) that the Police Department must be decisively reformed. Some suggest that Thompson might be among the Republicans who will be hurt by Watergate, but a U.S. Attorney with a perfect record who called Spiro Agnew a common crook could manage to divert the spirit of reform to his advantage.

On June 1, Daley left his Bridgeport bungalow to return to the hospital for surgery. The ride up Halsted Street, past the Lithuanian and Mexican restaurants and the junky drygoods stores where the poor Irish and Polish shop, is not inspiring, however familiar it must be to a Chicago politician who never aspired to greater glory than to be the Mayor of this city of workers.

The success of the surgery and his recuperation would decide whether he would run again. But the odds were against it. The speculation one heard from those who considered themselves knowledgeable was that Daley, who perhaps had wished to stay on long enough for one of his sons to succeed him, would continue to hold power behind the scenes and choose someone else to run for mayor. Nobody could say for sure. Men like Daley resist the claims of age. One could say at least that this man, who considers himself not the last of the bosses but the first of the great city administrators, would no longer hold power with the same certainty and confidence. His grasp had slipped. □

WOMEN & VIOLENCE: THE SLA

GILBERT GEIS

The parallels between the record of Charles Manson and his followers and the activities of members of the Symbionese Liberation Army are striking. In both instances, the pivotal figure was a former prison inmate with a long history of criminal activity. In both instances, women from social backgrounds well "above" that of the leader made up a large portion of the membership. In both instances, the women were involved in violent activities, a condition that contradicts one of the most insistent findings in studies of criminal activity—that violent acts are notoriously male behavior. In a study of homicide in Philadelphia, for instance, Marvin E. Wolfgang found that only 8 per cent of the city's murders were committed by women, and that most of these killings were of husbands or of other men with whom the women were emotionally involved. Violent acts of aggression against strangers are something that middle-class women do not do, unless they are driven by extraordinarily strong catalytic circumstances.

The dynamics of the Manson group are set forth in the trial record and in a number of interviews and investigations that attended the arrests. As yet, the group structure of the Symbionese Liberation Army is a good deal less clear, and for the time being one must work with suggestive hints and stray clues. An important difference between the groups may lie in the articulated political ethic of the SLA and the strong ideological convictions, however raw and imperfectly expressed, of the SLA women. It may also be important that the SLA women were better educated than those who surrounded Manson; primarily, they were social science and education majors with degrees from prestigious universities.

Nonetheless, it seems worthwhile to look more closely at the dynamics of the Manson group, to determine if they fit with what we already know about the Symbionese Liberation Army. First is the question of leadership. There is no doubt about Manson's hegemony, his total control over his group. About the SLA, it is sometimes said that Donald DeFreeze took a back seat to women such as Nancy Ling Perry, who has been reported to be the SLA dialectician. Perhaps, but any notion of Mrs. Perry's

Gilbert Geis is a professor in the program of social ecology, University of California (Irvine).

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dominance seems inconsistent with DeFreeze's assumption of the grandiose title of Field Marshal; it also seems to be contradicted by the much larger amount of time accorded to DeFreeze in the taped SLA messages to the Hearst family. Perhaps most persuasive, however, is a first-hand account by a woman who spent a number of hours with the SLA group in Watts before the police siege. She noted that the women were wearing several sweaters, and that when the house became overheated, one of them turned to DeFreeze for permission to remove a sweater. That is hardly the behavior of a liberated female (after all, Miss Hearst had labeled Stephen Weed a "male, sexist pig"); indeed, it is hardly the behavior of a grown woman.

If DeFreeze was the pivotal force in the SLA, how did he veer so many women toward atypically violent kinds of behavior? The hypothesis I would suggest is that DeFreeze, like Manson, was uninhibited enough and had so little to lose that he was able forcefully to call the women on their verbal commitments. One of the most exciting things about many young persons is their ability to adhere to ideals, to distinguish with some precision between decent and less than decent standards, and to seek a grail. It does not take long before they, like those before them, become hopelessly compromised by the imperatives necessary for getting along. Before that time, though, they stand shining, unsullied and, as their elders see it, "unrealistic" in their expectations of others and of themselves.

No one from their own background is apt to push them in regard to what they say they believe in, because, like them, their peers sense some danger in such a tactic. It requires a Charles Manson to challenge his women in regard to their expressed beliefs. To be hung-up, for instance, is the most grievous of middle-class inadequacies, a sin to be recognized and rectified. So Manson demands that the girls orally masturbate the ranch hands at the group's retreat. If the girls resist out of a delicacy implanted in their middle-class homes, Manson unblinkingly accuses them of harboring puritanical, Victorian attitudes. It is much easier to engage in the demanded sex behavior than to find out that you really don't believe all those things that you've been saying; at least, that you don't quite mean exactly that. And so on to murder.

Manson and DeFreeze, it seems to me, had little to lose and much to gain from the "moral suasion" they exercised as leverage against the young women. That women are notably susceptible, I believe, is probably a function of their upbringing, which has a tendency to equate with love the performance of those things that are asked of them. Persons observing heroin addicts, for instance, have noted that it is almost impossible for a woman to sustain a relationship with a man using opiates without herself taking up the drug. "If you love me," he insists, "you must." Otherwise, she is passing judgment on him. Men, however, are quite able to keep up relationships with women without themselves succumbing to drugs. If pressed by the female, perhaps in the name of love, they will merely define her as a "dumb broad," and presume that this is a quite satisfactory response.

Emily Harris, the newspapers are now saying, wrote to her parents that she had moved beyond the "confines" of her marriage to William Harris into a beautiful relationship with a black man, who had provided her with insight into the horror of living in the underclass of a caste society. The game begins to be played for real, I suspect, when a person possessing the moral superiority enjoyed by any victim of social injustice decides cold-bloodedly to cash in on this credit, to seek redress by using the pity he commands—and deserves.

No decent and intelligent person can ever maintain that he is doing all he can to create a better society. No sensible and intelligent person can claim that ours is as just and fair a society as it ought to be. All "mature" people understand that they have been diverted by their desire to live a little longer and a little more peacefully from making a maximum effort to achieve those things they believe in.

We all really know this, we decent and intelligent people, and each of us in his or her own way has come to accept it, easily or uneasily. Their inability to make that bargain with "reality" is, it seems to me, the key to the six dead bodies and the remaining fugitives identified with the Symbionese Liberation Army. □

THE GREAT BANANA WAR

PENNY LERNOUX

Bogotá

Twenty years after John Foster Dulles, when the CIA and United Fruit organized the overthrow of President Jacobo Arbenz in Guatemala, the banana companies are still trying to run Central America. The "pulpo," or octopus, as Latin Americans call United Fruit, has since changed its name to United Brands of Boston and ceded some of its territory to Del Monte and the Standard Fruit and Steamship Corp. The script really is not much different, except that now it is Standard Fruit clobbering the governments of Honduras and Costa Rica. Nor is there anything subtle in the attacks, even after all these years of expensive public relations to sell the public a "reformed octopus." Señor Brown, that incredible gringo who ordered the slaughter of banana workers in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, is not, after all, a figment of Gabriel García Marquez's imagination.

The banana companies did not start the present confrontation. Their wrath was aroused when seven banana-producing nations agreed that they could not continue to pay escalating prices for fertilizer, pesticides, packag-

Penny Lernoux is South American correspondent in Bogotá for Copley News Service.

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ing and freight without some corresponding increase in prices for agricultural exports. The seven, therefore, agreed to establish a moderate price rise for bananas—the first in more than twenty years. In order to make the price rise stick, they founded the Union of Banana Exporting Countries (UPEB), a smaller and more fragile copy of the petroleum producers' cartel.

The screams of outrage were immediate. Spokesmen for the banana industry warned of plummeting sales, boycotts and massive layoffs on banana plantations. "Americans are not going to line up to buy bananas as they did for gas," announced a company executive. But then nobody ever suggested that they should. Even with the price increase, bananas still are the cheapest and most plentiful fruit in the United States.

Actually, the banana companies are less upset about the price rise, though that is bad enough, than about the formation of a commodity cartel. Composed of Honduras, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia and Ecuador, UPEB controls 66 per cent of the world's banana production and supplies most of the bananas sold to the United States, the world's largest consumer of the fruit. UPEB is already campaigning for new members, including the Philippines and Taiwan, and if the fledgling organization is successful, it will be able to reduce the current world banana glut and eventually seek even higher prices.

UPEB's principal architects are Costa Rica's former President José Figueres and Panamanian strong man Omar Torrijos, an unlikely pair of politically dissimilar proponents. Figueres is a dedicated democrat who led his countrymen in an uprising against an unconstitutional government in 1948, to set the stage for Costa Rica's model democracy. Torrijos is a tough military man who seized power from a civilian government in 1968 and means to keep it. However, each is progressive in his way, and both share the opinion of Figueres' close friend, Venezuelan President Carlos Andrés Perez, that the developing countries must form commodity cartels to counterbalance spiraling prices for the industrialized world's products.

Central America is particularly hard hit by the energy crisis, but while Venezuela is making every effort to cover the area's petroleum needs, it has refused to offer discounts, pointing out that the final destination of bargain-priced petroleum is difficult to control and that this is not the solution to Central America's problems in any case. Instead, Perez is spending $500 million of his country's oil riches on development projects in other Latin American countries under the aegis of the Inter-American Development Bank. Moreover, he has offered to bankroll any country that wants to nationalize its banana industry.

Nationalization is a very strong possibility in Costa Rica, where Standard Fruit's machinations have so enraged the populace that the company has little choice but to leave. Negotiations already are under way for the purchase of Standard's Costa Rican plantations which the company values at between $18 million and $20 million.

Standard could not have picked a worse opponent than Figueres, a battle-scarred politician who is no more afraid of banana companies than he is of airplane skyjackers, whom he has personally routed from the San José airport. When a boycott of Costa Rica's banana shipments to the United States was threatened, Figueres countered with a warning that "if true, it will be the end of Standard Fruit in Costa Rica."

Castle & Cook of Hawaii, which controls Standard Fruit, has tried to wish away UPEB by claiming that it would collapse as soon as the prickly Costa Rican left his country's Presidential palace. Daniel Oduber, who succeeded Figueres in May, has turned out to be just as tough an opponent. Indeed, his first important act as President-elect was to visit Central America's banana capitals to reaffirm Costa Rica's support of UPEB. As for General Torrijos, the burly Panamanian has made it clear that there will be no back-peddling under pressure from the banana companies. "If we lose the banana war, we will throw our production into the Canal."

While the banana producers have toyed with the idea of a commodity cartel for fifteen years, the impetus for a producers' union came only with the energy crisis and the successful example of the oil- and coffee-exporting countries. (Other commodity cartels in the making include copper, bauxite, cacao and meat.) There is no formal organization as yet, since Figueres and Torrijos did not start their offensive until last February, but all seven member nations have agreed to UPEB's principles and five have increased banana prices. (Guatemala and Nicaragua have yet to announce a price hike.) UPEB headquarters most likely will be located in Panama City, and Colombia's agriculture minister, Hernan Vallejo Mejia, is a strong candidate to be its secretary-general.

The price rises agreed upon vary from country to country in accordance with distance from markets, quality of the fruit and government subsidies. Thus Panama and Costa Rica upped the price for a box containing 40.8 pounds of bananas by $1 while Honduras set a 50¢ increase; Colombia and Ecuador, each 40¢. Similarly, there are price variations within each country, depending on whether the bananas are destined for traditional or nontraditional markets and whether the producer is a national or a foreigner.

As in the case of petroleum, an enormous gap has developed between the increase set by the producer nations and the price actually paid by the consumer. Banana sales to the United States have indeed dropped, as predicted by the companies, but not by the margin threatened (volume is down by only 15 per cent) and not for the reasons originally stated by the companies.

Seven weeks after the increase went into effect, the cost of a box of bananas in the United States had jumped from $2.50 to $5.20. However, an analysis of the cost of a box shows that the biggest gains have been made, not by the producing countries but by the companies. In Panama, for example, a box of fruit costs $1.90 FOB; freight, $1.25; unloading at dock, 35¢; tax, $1. The profit on a box of Panamanian bananas, therefore, is 70¢ although the companies previously had stated that they considered 20¢ a reasonable profit. The profit margin is even higher, up to $2 per box, in countries with a lower price increase.

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If banana prices remained so low for so long, that was primarily due to the monopoly exercised by the banana companies, either as plantation owners in Central America or as the marketing company for local producers in Colombia and Ecuador. "Don't be fooled by the fact that the 'pulpo' owns no plantations in Colombia," said a Colombian banana planter. "United Brands still has a monopoly over marketing."

Any challenge to that monopoly, even from a relatively weak newcomer like UPEB, is viewed as a threat which must immediately be slapped down. Hence, Standard Fruit has done everything in its power to destroy UPEB by isolating its weakest members in a replay of United Fruit's pressure tactics in Guatemala during the 1950s.

A first, the threats were merely verbal. Donald Kirchoff, Standard Fruit's president, and Charles Wayte, the general manager, visited various Central American capitals, while Michael Rotullo, manager of the company's Honduran subsidiary, warned that the Central Americans' banana industry would collapse with a price increase. Back in the United States, Wayte swore he would not pay one more cent for bananas.

When this did not deter the UPEB nations, Fred Field, president of the Banana Handlers' Council of the International Longshoremen's Association, sent a cable to Figueres with copies to all the other UPEB heads of state threatening a boycott of all banana shipments to the United States if a price increase took place. The effect of the threat was quite the opposite of what Field expected. The UPEB countries immediately closed ranks, forgetting any earlier doubts about the organization's effectiveness. With UPEB's unanimous support, Gonzalo Facio, Costa Rica's Foreign Minister, took the issue to the United Nations where he obtained approval from the Group of 77 (developing nations) for a resolution requesting the industrialized nations to refrain from any policy which impedes the import of raw materials from the developing countries at fair prices. Facio also received support for a world summit of banana-exporting countries. U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, meanwhile, agreed to direct the Food & Agricultural Organization to undertake a study of banana prices and the world market.

Facio again brought the subject up in Atlanta at the foreign ministers' meeting of the Organization of American States (OAS), where he denounced multinational companies for "economic aggression." The Central Americans also declared their support for an earlier Argentine-Peruvian proposal to treat economic aggression with the same punitive measures as military aggression, for which a hemisphere security pact already exists.

Although Secretary of State Henry Kissinger privately voiced his disapproval of the proposed boycott, Field's cables only served to reinforce the Latin Americans' belief that they cannot look for any commercial or trade concessions from the United States. (Kissinger himself has expressed his dislike of commodity cartels often enough.) In such lessons lie the seeds of a new, more aggressive Latin America that is no longer prepared to serve as the warehouse for the United States' food, mineral and oil resources, not, at least, in these days of commodity scarcities. Already, that aggressiveness has been turned toward a reshaping of the OAS, so long a creature of the United States.

Field has since backed down on his threat, largely under pressure from the Committee for an Open Society which took its case to Atty. Gen. William Saxbe. The committee charged that Field was punishable for interfering in the affairs of a foreign country under Section 953, Title 18, of the penal code which establishes a three-year prison sentence or a $5,000 fine for any citizen who corresponds with the representative of a foreign government about official affairs. (The committee has also asked Saxbe to investigate charges that the banana companies are guilty of price manipulation.)

Actually, Field's threatened boycott was only the opening salvo. Standard Fruit has since suspended all banana exports from Honduras and reduced imports from Costa Rica by 30 per cent. This is a hard blow, as Honduras depends on banana exports for 41.6 per cent of its foreign exchange, while bananas comprise 39 per cent of Costa Rica's exports. Although one-third of the bananas grown are produced by small, independent farmers, many depend on Standard Fruit to market them. (Standard has replaced United Brands as the biggest operator in Honduras and Costa Rica.) Standard also has resorted to dumping, according to Fletcher Hatch, manager of Costa Rica's National Banana Association. Hatch reports that the company has thrown 900,000 boxes on the East Coast market, where the normal volume is 650,000.

Workers on Standard Fruit plantations are being laid off, just as the company predicted, but the repercussions could be more serious than Standard bargains for. In Honduras, where the plantation workers support the government in its confrontation with Standard, strike committees have been set up on all the company's plantations in preparation for a showdown. The workers are demanding substantial wage increases as well as $79,000 in pay that was deducted by the company as a result of the banana shutdown. Panama, meanwhile, has offered to send Honduras $4 million to help the 55,000 banana workers at La Ceiba, Standard's headquarters. It would not take much to set off Honduras' worst labor confrontation since the labor strikes that crippled United Fruit in 1954. "The banana tax is no hazardous adventure," explained Napoleon Acevedo Granados, president of the Standard banana workers' union, "but forms part of the military government's strategy for the solution to the problems of underdevelopment."

Standard, nevertheless, continues to play with fire. The banana unions have obtained documents which reportedly show that Standard has made payoffs to local news media in La Ceiba as part of the campaign against the price increase. Certainly, press reports have tended to confuse the issue of who supports which side. *La Noticia*, for example, published an account in which the National Association of Independent Banana Producers was said to have asked President Oswaldo Lopez Arellano to reconsider the price increase. "Honduras still is not ready for such a move," explained the paper. The association promptly denied the story, claiming it had

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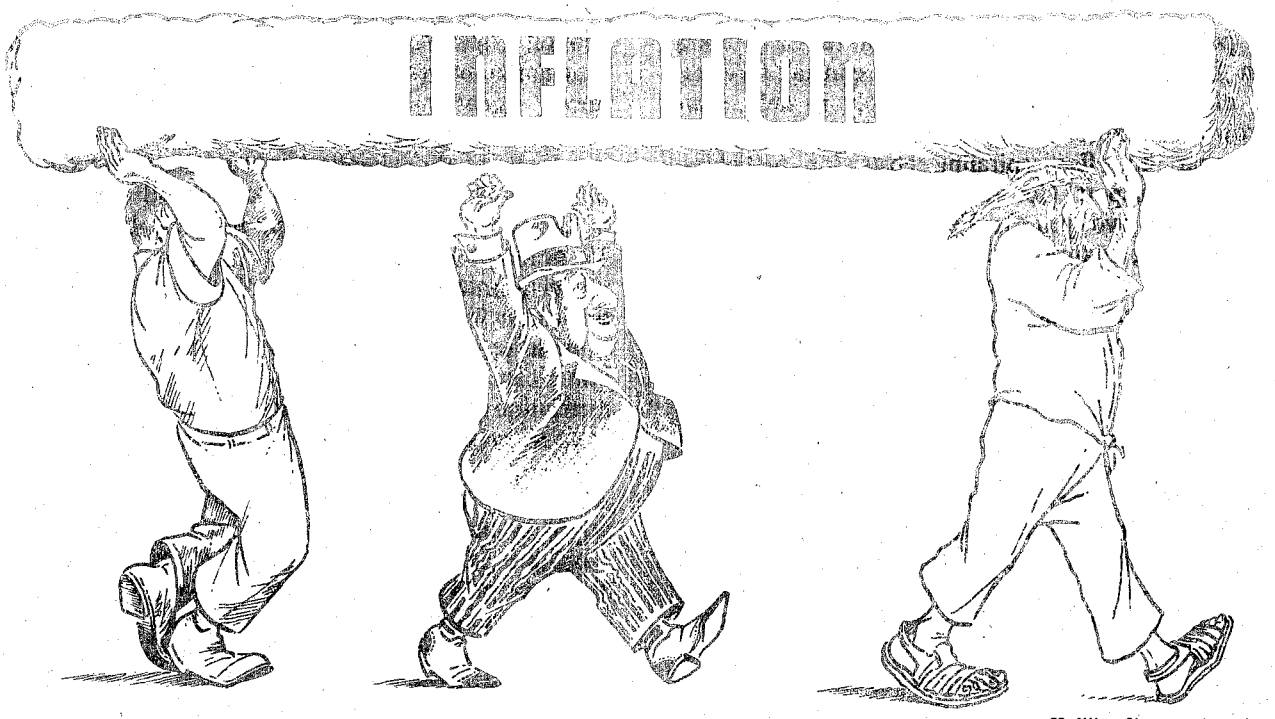

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

never asked Lopez Arellano for any reconsideration.

Standard Fruit has focused on Honduras because it is considered the weakest link in the Central American chain. Even before the banana war, Gen. Lopez Arellano was walking a tightrope, trying to balance promises of agrarian reform to a militant peasantry with reassurances to the country's powerful conservative elements. A truck owners' strike in late March only added to his problems, causing so much concern in Panama that the union of truck owners sent a message to its Honduran counterpart urging it "not to play the game of the imperialists." Then, in mid-April, a Honduran soldier was shot by sniper fire on El Salvador's border, reviving memories of the 1969 soccer war between the two countries. Rumors of Lopez Arellano's imminent overthrow have been flying up and down Central America, forcing the President to deny a coup.

Said Fernando Manfredo, Panama's minister of economy and industry, "This is nothing more than a continuation of the old policy of the big stick, and it is causing enormous damage to Honduras' economy in an attempt to force the government of Lopez Arellano to abandon its commitment to UPEB and to revoke the banana tax.

"It is no secret that the influence of these companies determined the rise and fall of governments in many of our countries through every sort of economic and political pressure. But Standard obviously does not understand that the times have changed."

Standard may not but United Brands certainly does, and it has been the first to criticize Standard's tactics in Central America. The company cannot disguise its glee at a competitor's discomfort. While Standard is getting all the heat, United Brands is doing just as it always has—moving those long tentacles, only now it is with a smile, a very big smile.

Unlike Standard, United Brands has reversed its former policy of owning plantations, having been badly burnt in Central America and Ecuador. The company now acts as the buyer and seller, purchasing bananas from locally owned plantations. The terms basically are the same as those imposed by Standard in Central America. The difference is that United no longer has to deal with labor strikes or recalcitrant governments. United Brands's decision to sell its plantations in many countries "was no generous gesture," charges Mario Monteforte Toledo, a Guatemalan writer. "With this policy, the company eliminated fiscal, labor and political problems as well as the natural risks of agriculture."

Certainly, little love is lost between the producers and United Brands in the steaming jungles of Urabá, in northwestern Colombia, where the company has been operating under the name of Frutera de Sevilla for more than a decade. "In the beginning, it was land speculation," complained a small banana planter as we sat drinking beer while swatting a cloud of mosquitoes on the porch of a thatched-roof cantina in Turbo, Urabá's banana port. "After disease hit the Magdalena plantations (Colombia's other banana-producing region along the Magdalena River), La Frutera decided to come here, but the company didn't let anybody else in on the secret until after the land had been bought, so, of course, land prices skyrocketed. No, 'el pulpo' doesn't own any land now. It doesn't have to."

"We don't have much say about prices," added another planter. "It's take it or leave it. Of course, there is Augura, the banana producers' company, but it cannot beat a marketing monopoly controlled by the big multinationals. Frutera buys more and sells more; it also pays less."

However reformed the octopus may appear in Bogotá, the view is altogether different on the banana plantations where producers received a circular from La Frutera announcing that "We regret to inform you that if a tax or increase in price is established, the same is and will be at your cost as a producer." This is in addition

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to a 20 per cent discount on fruit sold to La Frutera in return for fumigation, freight and technical services.

Many of the Urabá planters are deeply in debt, having borrowed at exorbitant interest rates, up to 30 per cent per year, to offset spiraling costs for pesticides, fertilizer and transport (fertilizer has gone up 200 per cent in the past two years). Few live in anything remotely resembling luxury, except for the employees of La Frutera who enjoy a comfortable compound. The planters' chief diversion is drinking in the wretched cantinas of Turbo, where the streets are of mud, the heat is unbearable and the only imposing edifice is a small airport tower built by GIs during World War II.

Still, the planters' condition is infinitely better than that of the 12,000 workers who toil on 35,000 acres of banana plantations. The average wage is $1 for a ten-hour workday in the burning sun. Because the cost of living is among the highest in the nation, the worker must spend three-fifths of his daily income on food. What is left goes for clothing and housing, usually a tiny mud hovel. Bachelors live in quarters called *machos-solos*, a type of dormitory. The stench of human beings and rotting bananas is everywhere, the stench of sickness and death.

It is the same in Ecuador, where the banana worker is one notch below the livestock that fatten on the plantation's banana rejects. The plantations stretch like a sea across the country's swampy lowlands, but here and there is a blot on the green, an ugly clutch of hovels. Along the Quito-Guayaquil railroad, where the biggest villages are concentrated, the poverty is unspeakable. At the end of the line in Guayaquil, Ecuador's banana port, lies Latin America's worst slum; nothing in Haiti can even compare.

"That the octopus no longer shows its face does not change anything," writes Enrique Santos Calderón, the much-read columnist of Bogotá's daily *El Tiempo*. "This is particularly true now when in its place have come little native octopuses in charge of squeezing where the big one no longer sticks its tentacles. For those who suffer its effects in person, the nationality of the monster is the least of their concerns."

The monster can exist in large part because of underdevelopment, or so believe UPEB's leaders. When Figueres and Torrijos began campaigning for a banana export union, they saw the organization as a mechanism to slow the growing gap between prices paid to the developing countries for basic commodities and the prices they must pay for the industrialized world's goods. The U.S. housewife may or may not notice the rise in banana prices. On the other hand, a 1¢ or 2.5¢ increase in the price of a pound of bananas means millions of dollars in additional foreign exchange for the UPEB countries (i.e., Costa Rica, $50 million; Honduras, $42 million; Panama, $30 million; and Colombia, $15 million).

That money will help pay for the seven's development, and do so, perhaps, more efficiently than the United States' oft-misguided aid programs. The Latin Americans are convinced that trade is more effective than aid. UPEB's success in maintaining the new price scale against the banana companies' pressures depends a good deal on Lopez Arellano's staying power in Honduras and Ecuador's interest. As the world's largest banana producer, Ecuador is essential for UPEB's survival, but having recently discovered large quantities of petroleum, the Ecuadorians' attention is no longer concentrated on bananas. (Petroleum exports accounted for 41 per cent of Ecuador's foreign exchange in 1973, bananas for only 19 per cent.)

Del Monte, which alone of the three big banana companies views UPEB with favor, hopes the cartel will rationalize supply to the increased demand, and its Latin American manager, Jack Loeb, is urging that the organization be given "strength and authority." If that sounds peculiar, coming from a banana company, the fact is that Del Monte has been hurt just as badly as the Latin Americans by the cutthroat competition between Standard Fruit and United Brands. Then too, there are many varieties of banana men. Loeb believes the price of bananas has been too low, Standard's Kirchoff is willing to threaten and fight the Central Americans over a 1¢ rise, and United's President Eli Black sits somewhere in between.

The original "pulpo" certainly is not what it used to be. United Brands would think twice before attempting Standard's brazen tactics today, much less a repeat of the Guatemalan episode, nor will you hear company managers talk about "that clown we put in the Presidential palace," as they once did. In the case of Colombia, where United Brands has yet to live down a bad reputation as a result of a bloody labor confrontation in 1928 (the very same described by García Marquez), the company immediately backed away from the circular on prices when the government and the growers voiced a protest. Yet the tentacles are still there, even if they are "criollo," as Enrique Santos points out. "Standard will learn," predicted a United Brands executive, and so it would seem from Standard Fruit's hasty offer to sell its plantations in Costa Rica. If you cannot control a country through politics or espionage, there is always the possibility of bringing the economy to its knees by simply not buying the country's produce or by using a monopoly to hold the price down.

Still, even those tactics are beginning to appear out of date. There are many ifs in a banana cartel, just as there are in other commodities, but if successful, it is just possible that the producers may be able to dispense with the services of the marketing monopolies, as is happening right now with coffee and oil.

When Panama's minister of economy and industry says that Standard Fruit's tactics are out of date, he is not just repeating the same old Latin American refrain. The big stick did not go out with Teddy Roosevelt nor even with John Dulles, but with Lyndon Johnson in the Dominican Republic—that is an era of political and military interference that the Latin Americans are determined never to forget or repeat. But the era of economic dominance also is passing as Latin America grows up. From Mexico to Argentina, Venezuela, Colombia and Peru, the hemisphere's countries are arming themselves against monopolies and multinationals. So the economic big stick is out of date, too. It's just that the banana companies don't yet know it. □

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NEW LIGHT IN THE STEEPLE

ROBERT KAREN

"Remember, the bicentennial is *big*. It's going to be page-one, prime-time coverage! Those companies that get in now will be in leadership positions." So went the pep talk at a recent convention sponsored by the Public Relations Society of America (PRSA) and the Division of Business Management at New York University. The title of the dreary two-day affair was "The Bicentennial: Its Challenge and PR Opportunities," and the primary challenge was right there in the room—combatting the bicentennial blahs.

"It's going to be another 100 years before there's something this big to celebrate again," another speaker reminded the assembled PR people and representatives of local bicentennial commissions. Miami's Elton Gissendanner promised a slew of programs for the private sector to tie into, indicating that the gap created by the lack of national leadership over the last few years was now being filled by local commissions. "A lot of time and money has been wasted waiting for the golden eagle to fly by," he said pointedly.

Jess Gregory of American Express suggested a tack for public relations people whose patriotic impulses are stronger than those of their bosses: "When selling a bicentennial project to management, find something so simple that even they can understand it." This roused some laughter. "Once your project is under way," he assured them, "you'll find there are all kinds of ways to get credit—without being too commercial."

At a cocktail party after the first day's presentations, the representative of a major manufacturing association probably spoke for a good number of his colleagues when he confessed: "The question a lot of us have is, does this sort of thing sell any more? I mean does anybody care?"

It is a question people have been asking since Lyndon Johnson created the now discarded American Revolution Bicentennial Commission (ARBC) in 1966. Today it is still difficult to answer. Every state has a commission, and many commissions put out newsletters and have calendars chock-full of bicentennial sports events and outings, films and essay contests. But who is paying attention? Texas is already engaged in major public works projects. Philadelphia, still aching to take stage center despite the government's decision to drop plans for an international exposition there, is about to turn every city agency from health to transportation into a bicentennial shrine. Restorations, exhibits and the funding of new works in the performing arts are under way in the name of the bicentennial. But there is as yet no common theme, no real sense of public involvement, unity or joy. We've got to "sell America to Americans," writes an advertising man in *The New York Times*, and he suggests that a giant advertising campaign is the way to accomplish it.

However, one of the groups represented at the PRSA convention has been able to capitalize masterfully on the spiritual vacuum at the heart of the bicentennial. In the past couple of years its members have derived a tremendous amount of recognition and pleasure from publicizing the gap between the present gloom and the high spirits associated with the nation's birth. It is the Peoples Bicentennial Commission (PBC) and it feeds off the bicentennial blahs. It views the upcoming celebrations as the greatest single opportunity to snatch the flag for the American Left.

"We basically have one simple principle," says PBC leader Jeremy Rifkin. "Anyone who doesn't believe in the God-given rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence should not live in this country. They should go to Spain or Russia. Any person or corporation who doesn't live up to those ideals is a traitor and a subversive—it's as simple as that."

The group has attracted a great deal of support. This month it is releasing a sixty-second television spot in which George Burns, John Voight, Quincy Jones and Robert Vaughn will participate in a reading of the Declaration of Independence that sounds very much like an indictment of Richard Nixon.

Run by a staff of eight workers, who are paid subsistence wages, and supported by more than $200,000 in foundation grants, membership dues and publishing contracts, the PBC uses the tracts of Tom Paine, Samuel Adams and Thomas Jefferson to forge a link between itself and many segments of American society that were inaccessible to New Left groups like the SDS.

Milestones in the PBC's history include the release of pilfered documents showing the extreme bent of the government's ARBC toward commercial and political exploitation of the coming celebrations; its publication of a pamphlet called "The Light in the Steeple: Religion & the American Revolution Bicentennial," which was written by a committee of the National Council of Churches; and the successful staging earlier this year of a massive Boston Oil Party under the slogan "Impeach Big Business!" In Chicago an activist nun, Sister Joan Baustian, tours the Midwest for the PBC in a van which carries a huge painted message: "Remember what happened to George III" alongside a crowned portrait of the President. The PBC claims 3,000 members on its Committee of Correspondence and it proudly lists Kiwanis clubs, the Campfire Girls, and the national YMCA among the groups it works with. Their public service announcements are used by 650 radio stations. According to Rifkin, most of the Eastern media have avoided their material, finding it too corny. But in the South, Midwest and Plain States, "They like us; they dig our stuff." The spots open with a quote from the Revolution and end with a plug for the PBC. Here's an example:

Robert Karen is a free-lance writer and press secretary to New York City Councilman Carter Burden.

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Male voice: " 'The more elevated the person who errs, the stronger sometimes is the obligation to refute him.' James Otis, 1776." (Strains of *Yankee Doodle* and then a female voice:) "In 1976 we will observe the 200th anniversary of this nation. Join with the new patriots. Save America. Restore the Constitution. Write the Peoples Bicentennial Commission, Washington, D.C. 20036. . . ."

The PBC's intermittent tabloid newspaper, *Common Sense*, is a pastiche of articles, tracts, coupons and announcements swarming amidst 18th-century graphics. In addition to propagandizing for revolutionary principles, offering recipes for local radical action, and drawing broad analogies between the tyranny of King George and that of King Richard and the corporations, *Common Sense* makes fun of non-PBC bicentennial happenings ("Tory Social Notes"); plugs PBC books, posters, pins and other products, and runs straight pieces, some of them by historian Page Smith, who is listed as an official PBC staff member (though he lives and teaches in Santa Cruz, Calif.). The latest issue of *Common Sense* has an article by Smith about the crudities and curiosities of early American tavern-going.

The PBC's main political issue is the unfair distribution of wealth in the United States and the anti-democratic practices of the corporate powers. "Nixon is only a scapegoat," says Rifkin with uncharacteristic charity. "His ultimate defense should be the same as Calley's: 'I was only following orders—don't prosecute me unless you intend to go after the higher-ups.' "

Rifkin is well known on the bicentennial circuit where he is referred to by his first name in the paternal, but cautiously respectful tones reserved for a well-positioned town gadfly. Speaking at the PRSA convention on May 30, Rifkin ridiculed all corporate involvement in the bicentennial: "Corporations are not fit to celebrate the bicentennial of a revolution. They are Tories in every sense of the word. If they really want to celebrate the bicentennial, the best thing they can do is abolish themselves."

After a half-hour harangue, in which he listed the sins of Exxon and ITT, the assembly line and other forms of corporate regimentation, read quotes from Jefferson and Benjamin Rush (which he prophesied will "never be on the backside of a Kellogg's Cornflakes box"), and pointed out that the land on which Wall Street is situated was once a "giant pig farm," Rifkin left the stage to a healthy round of applause. The representative of a major detergent firm leaned over to me and said, "Off the record, I believe every word he said."

Rifkin has been putting this act together since 1971 when he and two other veterans of the Vietnam protest movement founded the PBC. Its appeal and in some measure its success depend on the PBC's repeated charge that the major corporations intend to exploit the bicentennial and trivialize the nation's history.

To a certain extent, mostly in the product area, this is true. General Motors is coming out with a Spirit of America Chevrolet and smaller entrepreneurs are well on the way to producing everything from revolutionary-striped carpets to Dolly Madison clothespins. One trade magazine has openly gloated over the notion that "every man, woman and child will be a red, white and blue prospect."

But as far as most of the giant corporations are concerned, the charge seems to be unfair. If anything, the corporate world has seen the bicentennial as a loser, and most of the big companies are determined to be as little involved as possible. Nor have those who planned major undertakings exhibited the gluttonous spirit predicted by Rifkin. They are very sensitive to charges of commercialism. American Express, for instance, has just completed a $50,000 project to clean up the Statue of Liberty and has produced a film about the statue's history. Contrary to Rifkin's assertions, spokesman Jess Gregory insists that the company has absolutely no intention of attaching Miss Liberty to any commercial message. Another example is AT&T, which will sponsor a TV series called "The Living Constitution." The company has resisted the temptation of linking the invention of the telephone—1876—with the bicentennial.

But the corporations, and establishment operations in general, must labor today under a heavy skepticism and the PBC has deftly exploited their disadvantage. It has been particularly successful in attracting press coverage. Dozens of papers from the Grand Forks, N.D. *Herald* to the New York *Daily News* have shown considerably more interest in the PBC than in any other bicentennial group or project. In most such stories, the PBC has been faced off against the ARBC, the revolutionary goals of the founders against the Tory attitudes of the Nixon Administration, the issue-oriented approach of the PBC against the bland or commercial inclinations of official-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will *not* appear on the following dates: July 13, 27; August 10, 24.

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dom. The process of comparison has been so favorable that even conservative columnist James Kilpatrick acknowledged that Rifkin's "aggregation of contemporary revolutionaries" is "a lot closer to the true spirit of '76 than the promoters, politicians and PR men in charge of the ARBC."

Although Arch Booth, president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, recently warned against the PBC's radicalism in his syndicated column, most observers find that its call to "destroy the modern-day corporate tyrants"—once it is mingled with the inflammatory rhetoric of the 1770s—sounds every bit as patriotic as the national anthem, though perhaps sung a bit more passionately than might normally be considered tasteful. The Omaha *World-Herald* dubbed them "Eight Busy Rebels," hardly the headline you'd expect over a story on, say, the Socialist Workers Party.

"Language has to be simple," Rifkin said recently, explaining his success. "If you can't express what you have to say in simple language that anyone can understand, if you have to use fancy, complicated words, then you don't know what you're talking about. Political people on both the Right and Left do this all the time. They talk one way to the American people and another way among themselves.

"We're attracting all kinds of people—Wallaceites, Sons of the American Revolution, the DAR. Why? They dig our politics. We don't always agree on everything. Some of them hate the corporations and hate blacks, too. But we find a common ground to work on.

"People on the Left say, 'This can't be—they're the enemy!' Their problem is they never talk to people. If they did, they'd realize how many really agreed with them."

In one of his favorite revolutionary pitches Rifkin recounts the history of the 1760s and 1770s as if they were exact political forerunners to the 1960s and 1970s. An abridged reading of the text goes something like this: The 1760s, like the 1960s, were a period of turmoil, activism and protests. The Boston Massacre in 1770 predated the Kent State shootings by 300 years almost to the month. It was followed by a period (1771-73) when the radicals went back into the woodwork—to do crafts, farming and other versions of "their own thing." During this time Lord North (Richard Nixon) coined the term "silent majority" to describe the loyal colonists, while Samuel Adams (Jeremy Rifkin) wrote to fellow activists urging them not to give up the fight, that the silence of the colonists was a sullen silence, that a revolution was brewing. Conclusion: "It all comes together in '76."

Rifkin is not a Socialist, at least not in the sense that would imply any form of state ownership. Despite his shoot-from-the-hip, all-American radicalism, he is not sure he likes the term "Populist." He does not have any goals for new economic structures. ("To put a blueprint down in advance doesn't equal democracy. That would be to mistrust the American people.") But he does expect to catalyze a revolution: "I hope so, I'm not getting any younger. People have to realize we're only around for sixty or seventy years, so why not take some risks? It could be very exciting. What we have now certainly isn't exciting."

Till now the PBC has been a natural story for press and broadcasters. Anyone with the least imagination can appreciate that no government can adequately represent a revolution, and especially not one which creates a Bicentennial Commission whose seven-year history is characterized by scandal, waste and stupor. But as 1976 approaches, other groups, from the Women's Coalition for the Third Century to the (gen-u-ine, locomotive-driven) American Freedom Train Foundation will nibble at the action. The Afro-American Bicentennial Commission, essentially uninterested in commemorative projects, will push for "nuts-and-bolts stuff" like urban homesteading and mass transportation, and talk about a "Second American Revolution" that started in 1954. And so on.

Also there have been changes at the federal level. James Warner, the new chief of what is now called the American Revolution Bicentennial *Administration* (ARBA) sees his job as generating programs at the community level. There is no longer talk of a huge expo or of giant commemorative parks in every state. Instead, ARBA will be a clearinghouse for state and local programs and a broker to channel private funds into officially sanctioned projects. As such, it will be a less obvious target for dissection and ridicule than was the ARBC. Warner, a former Secretary of the Navy, is not exactly imbued with revolutionary spirit ("I hope the bicentennial provides the motivation for people to try to work within the system") and he's likely to serve as cheerleader for all sorts of Mickey Mouse projects. But he claims to welcome a pluralistic celebration and presents a certain forthrightness and clear opposition to commercialism which may yet overcome some of the "cloud of negativism" which he inherited from the ARBC.

Meanwhile, the Peoples Bicentennial Commission has probably done more, much more, pound for pound, dollar for dollar, than any other group to beat the bicentennial blahs. It has shown thousands of people that the upcoming celebration can really mean something. Its vigorous adaptation of revolutionary principles to current issues has made people perk up and realize the bicentennial's potential for political action. The PBC may yet mobilize more people than one might have thought possible for a spirited challenge to the power of big business and to the economic inequities which afflict this nation.

But when you're doing a revolution by a tight timetable, there are pitfalls, too. After 1976 the grace period for Jeffersonian radicals with grants from liberal foundations may come to an end. And the PBC will have to guard against the shrillness and disillusionment that sometimes accompanies failed prophecy. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Great Expectations Missed—and Realized

ENGELS, MANCHESTER, AND THE WORKING CLASS. *By Steven Marcus. Random House. 271 pp. $8.95.*

EMANUEL CHILL

Let's try to understand this book by starting with Steven Marcus' stated purpose. He bases this study on the proposition that literary criticism can have "cognitive value." Engels' *Condition of the Working-Class in England* will be treated as a "text," as might be writings by Dickens or other contemporaries. The object is not to establish formal principles but rather to get a more concrete image of Engels as a historical figure—indeed a Victorian—and in doing this to understand his "meaning." The recent Henderson-Chaloner translation will be checked by Marcus' own reading of the German text. What did Engels say about the Manchester slums? But equally important, how did he say it? What can be learned from this radical's way of observing, writing, thinking? One can't help but be curious about such questions.

But in order to study Engels' work we need to know his situation. Marcus begins with a historical sketch of the Industrial Revolution and follows this with a sampling of other contemporary observers of Manchester—Disraeli, Dickens, Faucher, Tocqueville. Next, an account of Engels' early years and his relations with his father. Then Engels as an observer of urban life. Manchester? No, not quite yet. First, the imaginative inadequacy of Engels' reaction to London crowds. Finally, what amounts to a retracing of Engels' walks in Manchester and some discussions of his treatment of the workers' movements of the 1840s.

Thus, much weighty material is brought to bear on the subject; and no doubt, the figure of Engels also gives the author access to topics which catch his interest: urbanism, Freud and generational conflict, foibles of the New Left, social marginality, etc. Unfortunately these varied materials aren't consistently developed or shaped around any clear theme, and the book produces a frustrating—if at times also tantalizing—impression of diffuseness: many loose ends, parenthetical profundities, hanging questions, and a lot of fancy defensive footwork—all of which takes us further and further from Engels and Manchester, not to speak of the working class. Where, for example, are we left by the following rumination on Engels' relation with Mary Burns?:

> There should be nothing very disquieting about this coming together of young Engels' passage into the hidden regions and meanings of Manchester and the developing course of his first extended sexual relation. The erotic, the social, and the intellectual passions regularly reinforce one another, or mingle in common interanimation; or, put in another way, the social and intellectual passions can acquire additional forces, derived and displaced from their original erotic matrix. There is much more than can possibly be gone into here; the complexity of the material is equaled only by how little of it there is to go on. Two things, however, may be observed. Engels' relation. . . ."

Or by this aside on the author's own very reasonable exegesis of a passage in Engels: "If this sounds like literary criticism and strikes the reader as being incompatible with modern historical analysis, then, one is prompted to remark, so much the worse for both disciplines." Or by the following, about a quotation from Simmel on the sociology of urban crowds: "One feels that this last clause, true enough as far as it goes, ought to have about three further dialectical turns appended to it."

It is hardly surprising then to find that this book ends with "In Place of a Conclusion"—a coda which doesn't recapitulate but seems to start off on a completely new line. The first few pages, headed "The Invention of Friedrich Engels," assert that Engels and Marx were creations of "reality, human, social, historical," rather than of Dickens' imagination. Then, as if to redeem his subject's concrete importance, Marcus reaches for Tocqueville's ominous words about "Revolutionaries of a hitherto unknown breed," of whom Engels was presumably one. Would that Tocqueville's tone had been more typically moderate, says Marcus, but "there is at least one sense in which he [Tocqueville] compels the modern reader's assent."

> Engels and what he represents are still with us; he is in significant measure our contemporary, as he was Tocqueville's. I have tried to demonstrate here how he was also in a number of fundamental ways a representative Victorian. That he could be both should come as no surprise.

"Compels assent"? In what "sense"? The writer must mean something more, but these sententious words surround what seems an essentially trivial idea.

As a reader Marcus has an ear for phrasing and an eye for casual images and for the hidden strategies of descriptive prose. But he hasn't deployed these important talents in his own presentation. There are jarring tones which can't be intentional. For example, the first chapter, "Historical Prologue" on the Industrial Revolution, gives a review of the subject, clear if pedestrian—and why not? Engels was pedestrian himself (notably in getting around Manchester, as a friend of mine pointed out). But I imagine Marcus doesn't much like that mode of clarity in himself or in Engels. In any event he seems to need to spice up an otherwise straightforward account of the Industrial Revolution, and the effects are peculiar: the decisive expansion of British industry occurred when it "reached the take-off point" (an unfortunate echo of Rostow, who was trying to do something of his own with the subject—to assimilate the British Industrial Revolution to a "Free World" doctrine of economic development). Or he refers to the "yo-yo-like ups and downs" of the new business cycle. The comic-cataclysmic mode? But as we read on there will be more of these figurative distractions and escapes from the subject. Marcus spends a lot of time on Engels' formative years in the Rhineland, his relations with his family and especially his father. Fine! Welcome material, even if Marcus does write it up under the sign of Ambivalence. Engels' break with his family was not total. Good again! Few "breaks" are, as both Freud and Marx teach in their own ways. But what does the following add?

> On the one hand, he was a young man intent upon burning his bridges behind him. On the other, he knew in some part of himself that those bridges were built of fireproof material. We can put it another way. It does not detract too much from the existential reality of his decision to say that he was jumping into the abyss with a parachute. Or perhaps it does; perhaps that is one of

Emanuel Chill teaches history at the City College, City University of New York.

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the ways of distinguishing between the qualities of existential and historical choices in their classical modes, between the post-Hegelian Kierkegaard and the post-Hegelian Marx and Engels.

It feels like early "cinema": danger—a lot of running, quick jerky movements; and the story, including the figures of Moses Hess and the cops, would be fascinating if I weren't still trying to figure out what Fred did with his Old Man, or what Marcus is going to make of the two of them. But if this is too light, there is heavy stuff too: Young Engels is feeling the restraints of living with his folks, and is about to leave. He writes to Marx, giving him a full picture of the whole family situation and his involvement in it. Now Marcus on this letter:

> The fullness of his presence in this scene implies the ripeness with which his retraction from it impends. His dramatization of it in words prepares for and foreshadows his future absence from it in reality, just as in the future his and Marx's political writings will be dramatic gestures that anticipate and prepare for the disappearance of bourgeois society.

Maybe yes, maybe no; in any case, much too much *Weltgeschichte* to hang on the young Engels.

But enough of these imponderables, in which the book abounds. Their general effect is a series of inflations and deflations of the problem; and I suspect that more is involved here than lapses of style, that the successive ballooning and contractions of the "object" result from Marcus' failure to clarify his own attitude toward Engels' work and therefore toward Marxism.

Not to say that he doesn't show a certain sympathy for Marxism, or that this sympathy mightn't have a very legitimate connection with his own scholarly work in English literature. But I can't really be sure of its basis. A certain feeling for Victorian eminences? A celebration of the Good (literary) Company of Marx-Engels with Carlyle, Dickens, Disraeli, Matthew Arnold? Or perhaps the feeling that the figure of Engels shows up the *descamisadismo* of the New Left (which Marcus certainly dislikes). One doesn't know. But in any case our author certainly does not discuss the very real influence of Marxism on literary criticism and scholarship, although the question might well be seen as a very legitimate reflexive element in a study such as this. Let me make a few suggestions from my own point of view.

Since the end of the last century, Marxism, as a movement among intellectuals, has been refuted, overcome, surpassed, and buried several times—and as often disinterred. We are now living through a second or third revival of Marxism, this one a complex process of rediscovery which began in Europe some fifty years ago, and was in part a learned enterprise carried forward by art historians and literary critics. After World War II, the writings of Lukacs, Hauser, Adorno, Ernst Fischer and Walter Benjamin (Sartre should probably be included too) became more accessible to American readers and especially appealing to graduate students with interests in literature—and in history too, for that matter. Why this appeal? I can remember reading Arnold Hauser's *Social History of Art* in the early 1950s—those ponderous volumes full of allusive shadow-boxing, and yet serpentine and subtle in their unfoldings—with the excitement of a personal discovery. That overstuffed hodge-podge of miscellaneous erudition had a purpose beyond itself. The epics, paintings, novels, movies, were brought back to the everyday needs and constraints of their makers—as craftsmen, as social producers, as thinkers. In that way the basic respect for aesthetic culture implicit in Marxism, which insists that life *needs* to interpret itself, and that in our modern era particularly, interpretation can't be avoided, was exemplified and made concrete in Hauser's book. Logical positivism and A.J. Ayer were then gaining ground at the expense of Deweyan instrumentalism. For the few young *marxisants* around, neo-Marxist criticism revealed the goodness, truth and essential featurelessness of the latter, and the former's arrogance, its petulant academicism. Put in terms of literary criticism, writers like Lukacs showed up the narrowness of the "new critics" and the broad-brush Populism of Parrington. For in neo-Marxism, analysis of forms functioned to deepen our understanding of historical change and conflict; the history of literature could have a general political purport in the present, even if many of its artist-protagonists had rotten political attitudes. For example, reactionaries like Balzac, Flaubert and Dickens could not avoid the artistic imperative to expose the fundamental character of modern society in their work as novelists. And we felt that the deepest exposure must end on the Left. Against these backdrops the working-class movements of the 1840s emerged, oddly enough, as the redeeming hope of a Philistine and brutal social order which we'd read about in the novels. All very bookish and academic, no doubt—almost pathetically so. But in such ways Marxism probably brought a breath of excitement to certain branches of the liberal arts in the early 1950s—no small contribution when you consider the thousands waiting, stifling, or sleeping in those regions then (or having their intellects sanitized and immunized by cold-war liberalism). For at that time Columbia professors were announcing the imminent demise of Marxism, presiding at the reinterment of a system which, despite its "incredible insights," remained intellectually "imperialistic" and, above all, "closed."

But eventually serious students of literature and history began to see Marxism as an opening. Take Lukacs' idea that in modern literature the novelist, and the reader too, must practically assume the disintegration of *cosmos*, of an ordered human totality, so that the novel reveals the social world not by situating the individual *in* it, but by reliving the

WINGS

Don't try. You can't
Tell me I'm free.
Once I believed in you, your laws
That said everyone should, must
Be free, be free!

But mostly I used to build houses,
Cages around myself, and huddle
Inside my shoulder blades looking out.
While you were busily insisting
Over and over that I was free,

Waiting like a good citizen for voice
And patriotic words to agree
I'd wiggle my toes a bit
And some of my fingers, and breathe
Very quietly—

But slowly the doors began to open,
Everyone came and went
As he pleased, somebody
Even touched me, and I wept
Till my feet flew up to the trees—

Marvelous.
But note, please
Turning shoulder blades into wings
Is a difficult, delicate
Even a dangerous thing.

Without wishing to be arrogant I must say
You don't know the half of me
Nor I the half of you.
In order for that to happen,
For both of us to be free,

No matter how long it takes
This flight, operation,
Revolution!
Must be left up to me.

Patricia Goedicke

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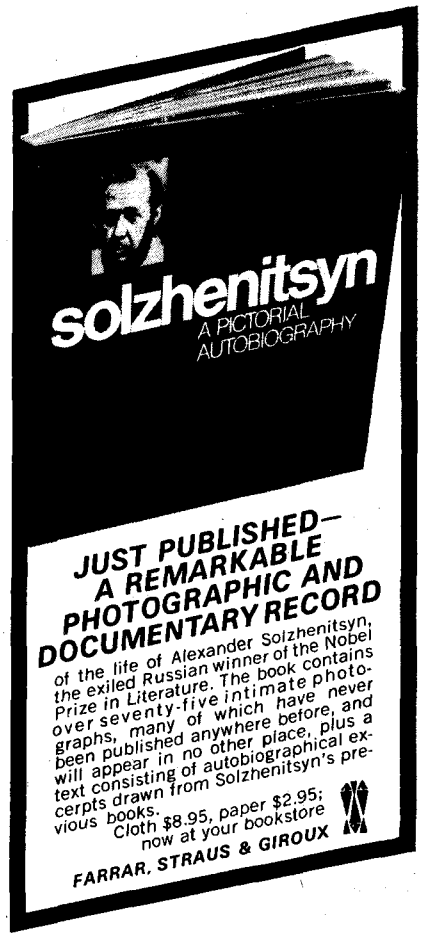
individual's experience as he becomes conscious of himself *against* it. Although this thinking comes, strictly speaking, from Lukacs' proto-Marxist phase, it gravitates toward one of the great strengths of historical materialism (which understands social structures and forms as human projects and products) in connecting a form of cultural life with the content of lived experience. Moreover, Marxist criticism could restore to classic bourgeois literature some of its original weight because it took seriously the educative structure of the novel: the bourgeois protagonist learns, develops, and discovers the conditions of his freedom by moving actively through experience. Marxist literary critics are sensitive to this kind of movement because Marxism hoped to understand the historical life-experience of the working class as intrinsically and necessarily a process of emancipation through self-education. So Marxism has something to offer literary criticism because it is a theory of revolutionary action which aims at connecting everyday experience with the realization of historical values through the growth of consciousness. It would seem both fair and intellectually productive that this theoretical dimension of Marxism be taken into account by any historically oriented literary criticism or scholarship which wants to deal with individual texts of the founders. But that Marcus hasn't done.

He would like to examine Engels' text closely, comparing the new translation with the original, searching out the old Hegelisms, uncovering Engels' strategy of observation in the Manchester slums. But in fact, only a small part of the book is devoted to the "text"—let's say two out of six parts, and not all of the two at that. It is as if Engels' best book had proven disappointing "philosophically." And indeed, Engels' Hegelianism, his use of "negativity," which is made much of here was, after all, verbal and superficial, not constitutive. That shouldn't be surprising, since of all the Hegelian Left, Engels was probably the least "dialectical," the closest by temperament to the older mechanistic materialism. It was he, in his later writings, who gave the Socialist movement an almost indelible stamp of positivism and scientism. It's not that Engels didn't understand or care for philosophy—he did; however, he saw it not as a kind of inquiry but as a way of clarifying history and economics. (He was, come to think of it, one of the great popular educators of the modern age.) By way of contrast, look at Marx's dazzling analyses of money in the 1844 "Manuscripts" or the *Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*. The closest Engels gets to thinking his material in Marx's or (Feuerbach's) manner is when he writes that since money is the deity of the bourgeoisie, the bourgeoisie has made the workers into practical atheists by depriving them of the same. I seem to remember that Marx's response to this kind of thing—maybe when Engels wrote him excitedly about the dialectics of the storage battery—went something like, "Yes, yes Fred; please send £5." At any rate, given Engels' temperament, I don't think the academic philosophy of his time is a very good key to his book.

It may be Engels' practical and downright approach to experience that gives his account of Manchester some of its static, reportorial quality—its factual heaviness. And after all, there is truth in the impression conveyed: massed misery and degradation—ordure, cotton, corpses—exhalations of death. It is the historical framework he supplies, the rapid growth of industry at the beginning and Chartism at the close, that forces the reader to imagine how the workers lived and thought, to surmise the forms in which they might have understood their everyday struggle for existence and recognition. We don't get this directly from Engels. The Manchester streets and alleys give him access to the rotting houses and stinking cellars, to the overcrowding. But for Engels there are no actual crowds, and very few people—no human animation and movement. And after all, his subject is "conditions." The choice is not accidental. The absence of movement reflects something real, a problem which goes beyond Engels' writing to the heart of modern socialism.

What does Manchester show? In itself, nothing—or perhaps two kinds of things. The modern age never achieves monumentality without ambiguity. In this sense Manchester was a monument of modernity, candidly juxtaposing energy and joylessness, ingenuity and brutality, the refinement of mechanical motion and the atrophy of the human organism—elements which never combine in a meaningful totality, their sum remaining an enigma which implies unnamed beyonds. Marcus quotes Disraeli, another observer who sensed that "the philosopher alone" could understand Manchester. Engels' project and his links with the radicalism of his day forced him to deepen this notion; for he writes as if the enigma of Manchester could be solved through the everyday philosophizing of the working class, that is, the steady growth of its social self-knowledge. It is fascinating to follow Engels' efforts to piece together the links of life which might connect conditions with movements and events (those links which are the real subject matter of social history: drunkenness, prostitution, street violence, criminality, machine-breaking, strikes, unions, Chartism). Of course he can't do it, because modern history doesn't do it.

Marcus is quite right in supposing that literary criticism has meaning because it searches out meanings. The immanent meaning of Engels' book lies in the question, what would the revolt of the worker against the conditions of his life mean to him? Protest? The reflex of misery? The demand for justice? Engels isn't satisfied with these ideas, for he knows that they are pieces of the radical fighting ideology of the French Revolution, and that the revolution of the 19th century must be based on the distinc-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tively contemporary work process. What can this work process teach its victims? One senses Engels' efforts to take this question seriously, to give it depth. But in the end he tends to fall back on a naturalist convention of the Enlightenment: human dignity is linked with sexuality. The conditions of modern production diminish the differentiation of the sexes and weaken sexual identity. For the worker the experiential side of revolution means at bottom the assertion of his own "manhood." This sounds like Engels, plain and honest. (Puzzling, by the way, that the author of *The Other Victorians* should ignore the fact that when Engels tries for a certain interpretive depth he will often invoke basic human sexuality.) And who could deny that, taken by itself, there is a lot of common sense in Engels' formulation? But sexuality doesn't serve to distinguish the 19th-century revolution from its predecessors. And if manhood is being lost in the factories, how will it be regained in the streets? More generally, if the workers experience the new mode of production as degradation, isolation (Engels' "universal competition") and loss of self, how can their revolution be anything but a "reaction," literally speaking?

So Engels' book leaves the reader, as it must have left its author, with a question, indeed, a series of questions. Can the conditions of modern production be socially educative and ultimately emancipatory? Is the trend of modern society such that present victims can become future beneficiaries? More fundamentally, can it make sense in our era to speak of "benefits" and "progress" when such words themselves are not defined by the conscious, self-activity of human masses? And do those questions imply utopian perspectives? No doubt; but considering the visible alternatives of technological control, perspectives which are hard to ignore. Had their work not finally forced such questions onto the political agenda and made such perspectives possible, Marx and Engels would be figures of secondary importance today—only slightly eminent Victorians, if you will. Therefore, if Engels' book is to be taken with his own kind of seriousness, the English working-class movement of the 1840s, its conditions, its politics, and the links and tensions among them need careful and consistent treatment. That hasn't been accorded them. Marcus makes some intelligent observations on social criminality, gives a rather moving recapitulation of the great miners' strike of 1844, but he has no consistent interpretive point of view—certainly nothing capable of being internally linked with the material. And without that it's very difficult to follow him through those Freudian and Weberian thickets.

Nevertheless, Marcus' respectful references to Max Weber suggest that he may have been working toward a position of some validity, which might go as follows: Manchester *wins*. Its ambiguous mixtures of growth and decay defy us. Its human meaning remains opaque. In Max Weber's world men's powers of reason lock them blindly and fatally inside the objectively meaningless rationalization of their instruments and means, so that ends or values are buried under the weight of the history they originally propagated. It's a possible world and a possible view of it—or better, a choice of worlds. However, we do learn from Marxism to be attentive to the wider consequences and functions of views and choices. To the extent that Manchester is "opaque" it can be thought of (as Marcus thinks of it) as the prototypical case of the modern "experience of extremity"—along with World Wars, extermination camps, and other technological barbarities. Pushing Marcus' interpretations somewhat further, one might say that the central situations of modern history are the marginal ones. The theory of this history (Marxism), then, comes to be seen as the illusion that there is a history. "Conditions" tend to lose their historically specific features and become uniformly oppressive and "dehumanizing." Thus, decently disposed people can come to hold that protest, revolt against conditions, is a generically "human" attitude. "I find it difficult to imagine any society in which Engels would not have impenitently taken up a critical attitude that was radical and revolutionary." In this sense, to be human is to be a revolutionary. Appealing notion, but a dubious guide to life.

Might it not suggest a more differentiated, circumstantial, meaningful view of our common history to think of Engels' Manchester, like Trotsky's Petrograd, Malraux's Shanghai, Edgar Snow's Yenan, as the scenes of great expectations, and of opportunities lost, missed, seized, grasped—and perhaps won? □

Who Sang the Lordly Hudson

COLLECTED POEMS. *By Paul Goodman. Edited by Taylor Stoehr. With a Memoir by George Dennison. Random House. 465 pp. $12.50.*

NEIL HEIMS

Paul Goodman lived during the last years of the American Republic, and long enough to perceive the beginnings of empire. The stories, plays, poems, novels and criticism he wrote have yet to be recognized by academic or lay readers for their full worth. He went to City College in the early 1930s, sat in on classes at Columbia and toward the end of the decade went out to the University of Chicago, where he taught and wrote a doctoral dissertation, later published as *The Structure of Literature*. Back in New York, relatively unknown and unacknowledged, he lived, with little money, in a circle of artists, writers and intellectuals. He published his books at small presses, sometimes with the financial help of friends:

> *I wrote a book* The Dead of Spring *no publisher would publish, so I published it myself my generous friends subscribing and I have believe me, many copies to dispose of.*

And he published in little magazines, though his anarchism, in the midst of Stalinism, Trotskyism (look at his poem, "The Death of Leon Trotsky, 1940") etc., made him uncongenial in many Left political and intellectual circles, as it did elsewhere. His spirit, nevertheless, was large and free. That is evident from the amount of work he did, its variety, its quality and its influence.

As a writer, Goodman was a naturalist who analyzed human behavior and thought, often using his own as a model on which to center investigation. He was a Gestaltist, and his insistence was to see an object in its field, particularly where field and object touch. He became widely known in 1960 for *Growing Up Absurd*, an analysis of youth gangs, junior executives and Beats, written at the time *Life* magazine was running inspirational pieces on "Our National Purpose," and the nations were fighting the cold war. In this book Goodman argued that people had hardly any world to live in, even less to devote themselves to except, perhaps, the little life in the stances their egos had managed to eke out for them.

Neil Heims teaches English at the City University of New York. His poetry, fiction and essays have appeared in various journals, and he is now working on a book on Shakespeare.

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He, too, had etched, as a poet and writer, a self from the blocks of his intelligence and passion:

Fatherless I was, nobody offered
me to the muses. I imposed on them.

And done it in a world that he felt hindered not only his but most people's fundamental needs. He did not take seriously such a notion as a nation's providing a purpose. Psychologist and anarchist, Goodman knew that the realities of nations take one too far from actual experience and satisfaction (or disappointment) and, therefore, become dangerous. His poetry often records an encounter, in himself, where words and experience become each other, where experience is named into being and the boundaries of the self are discovered.

I bore my baby in my arms through
the night
like the cantor the Torah dressed in silk
I used as a boy to look at critically.
But his choir sang large chords
as his figure swung along.
Go to sleep now, daughter. I am old
and very tired carrying you late.
Your father too needs to be comforted.

Or it is poetry that is written as a response to some occasion in the world: a government's resumption of nuclear testing, his finishing a book, his seeing a sunflower, a lover departed.

Opposing national arrangements, nevertheless he was a citizen, and sought to make a community:

Stateless, yet we have a flag
of the raw stuff the neutral color.

Sometimes the community he celebrated was his family:

Sally found the leak
and I fixed the pump,
in a fit of desperation
Percy re-invented shoes.

Sometimes it was a larger group taking some free action:

Today but in the dirty reign
of Johnson, here at our black flag
some solemn students are igniting
draft cards at a rusty can of fire.

Again, however, in the late 1960s, as in the 1930s, his dedication to letters and to the imagination—and to pacificism—set him at a distance from many on the Left, for the twin calamities of the Vietnamese War and the spreading network of American power brought out in many the wish to be guerrillas:

I didn't grow up among the atom
bombs
like these, and my career such as it was
was never built on sand. A stupid maze
has been the pattern of my dreams,
but I do not hanker till the explosion
comes
and still the holy spirit—why, who
knows?—
sometimes speaks to me.
So I morose
go back where they are beating their
tom-toms
and shouting "Shut it down!" They do
not sound
like Isaac Newton, more a mob of
monkeys.

Goodman was a fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington in the mid-1960s. Not converted to statism, nevertheless he wrote books showing how a large country might be run humanely and reasonably, and warning against the menace of American empire. The rulers in Washington did not follow the sense Goodman made. He wrote in a Martial-like epigram:

I am like Jefferson

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on the axis but across the lagoon.

Goodman's citizenly attempts were made not only in prose practical proposals but also in many of his poems, some of them, ("These hand-me-downs of Milton that I wear,") sonnets, many indeed worthy to stay beside Milton's and Wordsworth's. But not all of them are political; witness the superb

I start awake at night afraid of death,
gasping for air, exclaiming O my God!
and sit up. My heart is beating hard.

Nor were his poems only complaints. As a poet of praise Goodman, too, knew how to sing:

Such beauty as hurts to behold
and so gentle as salves the wound,
I am shivering though it is not cold,
in the dark though it is noon.

Goodman's concern for the young—for young men, especially; many women felt he wasn't aware they existed—was not only political.

. . "You're beautiful," I said, "I love you."
I met him half an hour ago
but he was and I did—.

Paul Goodman died in August 1972, 60, his last years spent "in exile" from his native land, even though he still lived within it.

The beauty of the world
—I still am hungry for it—
to me was always poignant
being in exile,
I see it through a gleam of tears
—it does not nourish much.

His heart was with those who had fled America or were locked in American jails for refusing conscription to the Vietnamese War. Such a refusal his son Mathew had made, and would have had to encounter the United States Government, but

Playing too happily
on the slippery mountainside
my only son fell down and died.

Mathew's death occupied his thoughts and writings. Goodman suffered heart attacks.

all this taxed
my heart that finally cracked.
Now be my nurse and care for me
while I whimper, or I will die.

A little more than a year after his death, Random House published a large, handsome volume of Paul Goodman's *Collected Poems* (though not of his complete poems; there are more beside the thousand or so here printed). It is well supplied with an index of titles and first lines, and arranged in sections; most of them Goodman himself designated, but he died while still at work on the book. Taylor Stoehr prepared the final version. It is a very good job, entirely unobtrusive. An introductory "Memoir and Appreciation," by George Dennison, precedes the poems. In it Dennison probably sounds a keynote for Goodman criticism when he writes,

> Paul is a poet without a mask. The voice of poetry is persuasively the man himself. . . . In our present extravagantly metaphoric conventions, with their elaborate *personae*, and multiple (finally rather dim) refractions of experience, I find the brilliant actuality of these poems infinitely refreshing.

(Let this not give the reader the impression that Goodman eschewed metaphor. See his poem, "A Meal," or the surrealist, "The Ballad of Closing Time.")

Just as students beginning to read Wordsworth read the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* for his poetics and philosophy of language, so readers of Goodman might read the seventh chapter of the second volume of his *Gestalt Therapy* and the concluding chapters of his *Speaking and Language: Defense of Poetry*. Homespun as his poetry may sometimes appear, Goodman has wrought it with an intelligence well rooted in Western and non-Western literatures.

And, I will say it, there is sublimity in his poetry.

The Northern Crown, nearby Arcturus
in the meadows of the Bear,
for this abstract of stars
in the cold latitudes
affirming what is not
I gave my life—see how she shines
in the clamorous night
around my famous head
as staggering I walk
sightless with tears away
from me and my little boy.
I never made this crazy contract
willingly, God. □

Living the Shape of Our Hope

STRATEGY FOR A LIVING REVOLUTION. *By George Lakey. Grossman Publishers. 234 pp. $7.95 W.H. Freeman and Co. Paper $2.95.*

ANN MORRISSETT DAVIDON

Reading about strategies or techniques for anything—whether for love-making, war-making, peace-making, or kloosh-making—can be stultifying. It is too bad that this book is not simply entitled "Living the Revolution," or at least "The Art of Revolution," for like Erich Fromm's *The Art of Loving* it does attempt to go beyond the usual how-to technical level to a higher, though still specific, plane of discussion. Not that there are many serious books around on how to make a revolution. And particularly lacking are books on how to make a nonviolent revolution.

That is the theme of George Lakey's book, and considering the size of the task he has taken on, he has done an admirable job of condensing and clarifying without grossly oversimplifying. Asking first "Why Revolution?" he suggests the various disastrous prospects which are so familiar: ecological crises, pollution and decaying inner cities, increased taxes for corporation subsidies and the military, exploitation of Third World people and resources, etc. Although he speaks specifically of the United States—"The government which spent $30 billion per year for the death of Vietnamese [but] would never spend it for their life"—he seems to include most Western nations (referring to "the dying Western civilization"), giving some exemption to Socialist democracies like Sweden. Comparing the early 1970s with the mid-1950s, Lakey cites the following signs that America is "on the brink of its second revolution":

Increasing defections from the Establishment, including the military, corporations and government; increasing consciousness of the need for fundamental change; accelerating loss of legitimacy for *status-quo* institutions; increasing growth of ideas for an alternative society; growth of social protest movements in terms of ability and sophistication.

For someone not already persuaded of the tottering condition of the United States or of the Western world, however, Lakey's brief initial summary of why a revolution is necessary and imminent may not be sufficient or convincing. But Lakey is not aiming this handbook at those who now hold political and economic power, nor even at those middle-class people whose dissatisfactions are only with particular laws or political candidates. He seems rather to be addressing those dissidents—middle-class dropouts, student and Third World "revolutionaries," theoretical Marxists, et al.—who are convinced of the need for some sort of revolution, some drastic shift of power from the possessors to the dispossessed, but who are either sunk

Ann Morrissett Davidon is a writer active in peace and liberation groups. She spent six years in France, Sweden, Israel and Denmark, and now lives in Haverford, Pa.

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CONDORS

Contrary to the usual rule among birds of prey
You are smaller than I,
Yet I have seen you carry off
Whole sheep in blunt talons.

The quick tips of your black wings raise you
To our favorite haunts. Together,
From elevations of ten thousands of feet, we watch
And descend to eat carrion.

Feeding in the morning, feeding at night,
You need more—an extra lamb—
But become sluggish when gorged;
That is how I, who bring you flesh, caught you
Roosting in the tree.

Dan Eneman

in despair or waiting for the moment to take up arms.

Here is our alternative, says Lakey: we can start living now the revolution which will fulfill our hopes and not be just another turning over of the dung heap. We must realize that it will be a long haul, and that there are many intermediary stages (not chronologically exclusive) which we can begin now.

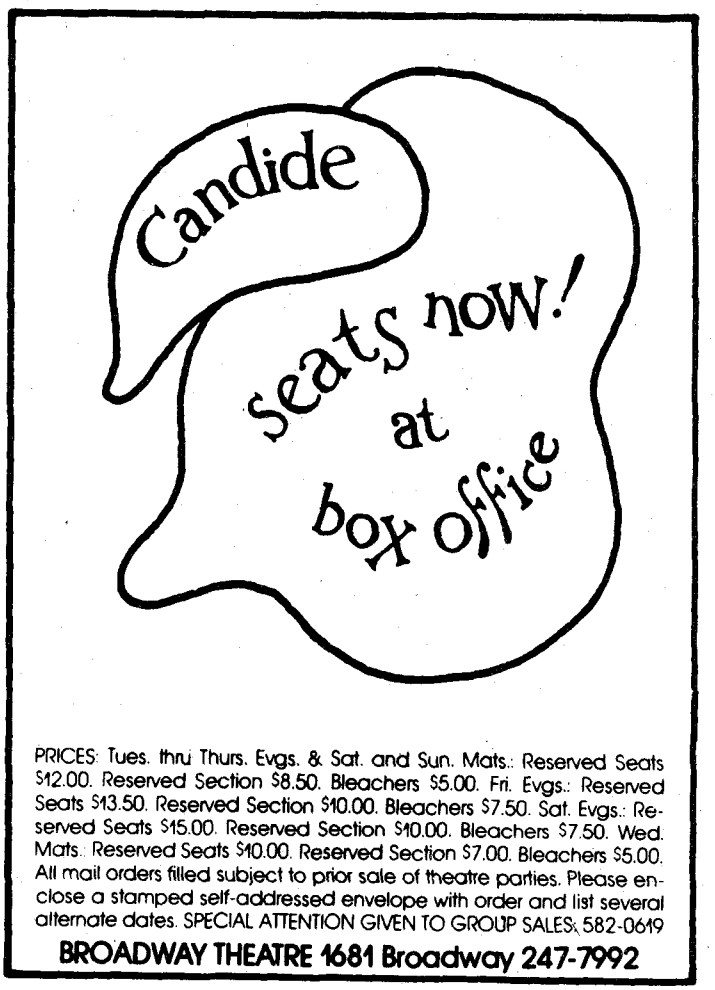
First, there is cultural preparation, which takes the form of educational acts: street-speaking, leafletting, publishing of papers, utilizing existing forums to try to draw the "big picture," to outline what the good society could be. This consciousness-raising is not only for others but for ourselves.

Second, there is the building of organizational strength, the development of life-affirming counter-institutions, radical caucuses within existing groups, nonviolent revolutionary teams which attempt to balance living the revolution now, in their own lives, with communicating and working with others—workers, minorities, the dispossessed. This continuing "propaganda of the word" is to be undertaken openly through constructive programs and personal confrontations, both on local and national levels.

Third, the "propaganda of the deed" moves into larger-scale actions: picketing, mass demonstrations, confrontations which present the powerful with the alternative of yielding, and thus enabling a positive action to go forward, or reacting repressively, and thus enabling the uncertain middle to identify itself with the repressed. While the actions undertaken are not sham, i.e., just for the purpose of making a gesture or precipitating repression, those who undertake them recognize that they are largely symbolic. In this category are such actions taken during the war in Vietnam as attempting to deliver medical supplies to North and South Vietnam, planting a tree inside Edgewood Arsenal, blocking draft boards and weapons shipments (in all of which actions Lakey took part).

The fourth step entails political and economic noncooperation on a mass scale: boycotts, sit-ins, strikes, civil disobedience. Using Chavez's farm workers as an example, Lakey says a mass revolutionary movement has in common with them "a need to mobilize allies, neutralize the forces in the middle, and make it difficult for the opponent to use its repressive capacity." He characterizes the French actions of 1968 as "insurrection" rather than the longer-range kind of noncooperation which depends for its success on grass-roots organizing, overall planning and much patience.

It is in this fourth step that the issue of violence versus nonviolence emerges most strongly, the previous steps being largely educational or propagandistic. Lakey does not try to make out a metaphysical case for nonviolence. He points out that the revolutionary's use of violence alongside noncooperation, for example, "pushes the middle-of-the-roaders toward the reactionary forces; it is harder to sustain over a period of time, and when it is defeated there may be a loss of morale among the noncooperators." Also, violence is welcomed by government because it justifies repression, and it decreases sympathy for the movement among soldiers and police. It tends to reduce the size of the movement, and consolidates the opposition. Lakey does not argue that no one will get hurt in resisting nonviolently; only that fewer probably will in the long run.



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Lakey's last stage of the nonviolent revolution involves large-scale intervention ("people place their bodies where the business of the old order takes place, so as to disrupt it") and the establishment of parallel institutions to replace the old. "The institutions will have grown from the seeds of the organizing stage: the teams, counter-institutions and radical caucuses. Now, in the wrenching process of all-out struggle, the institutions can demonstrate their vigor." Lakey recognizes that at this stage of his projection there are many dangers: he stresses the fact that his book is a working paper only, subject to revision as the movement for social change broadens.

Finally, Lakey places these revolutionary steps into a world context, though he has stressed throughout the necessity for transnational awareness, support and action. He projects a world order in which issues requiring transnational decisions (e.g., the seabeds) will be made by the appropriate world commissions, while other problems will be dealt with by local groups and areas. Thus the arguments for world government and for decentralization are both met, though not without recognition of the vast problems entailed.

As a coda, Lakey deals with questions raised by his assumptions and proposals—questions arising more from revolutionaries and the disillusioned Left than from defenders of the *status quo*. The questions are frequently heard ones, but more than just clichés. "Isn't it better to have rapid change even if the suffering is intense than to have it long and drawn-out?" Etc. Lakey's an-

GRANDMOTHER

It is twenty years since I shut the door.
The period is widening into a line.

She lives in a house with twelve vacancies
Where ice gains on her heart, her noisy heart.

She punishes me by forgetting my name.

Stephen Stepanchev

ANOTHER LOOK

"Gentlemen, the arts!
Some scrawled on canvas,
Some fired in glass, steel, iron, copper—
Tons of material, montages to oblivion
Slowly sinking through museum floors—
The pull of earth is very strong.

And these are relics of our century,
Souvenirs of Kronos from the Netherworld,
Roots clinging to them, wild vines and grasses.

And yet, precariously tilted toward the sun,
There is a mirage, while from its vapours
Mycenae's Lion Gate lifts to the sky,
Cloak-wrapped and wary, a Spartan Warrior
Still stares at us.

Erect and easy, relieved of roof and cornice,
A pair of Maillol's wandering Caryatids
Step out of shadow, and in a shower of light
There is Brancusi's pale, ethereal
Torso of a Young Girl.

As the mirage blurs, as if a leaf were torn
From The Book of Kells, there is a glimpse
Of a rain-shouldered Celtic Cross—

Caught up and held in a moment of grace,
These vanish out of time, then reappear—
They belong to the Fates,
And are of a source and power
Neither of earth, sea, sky—

They are beyond the arts."

Horace Gregory

REDWINGS

It turns out
You can kill them.
It turns out
You can make the earth absolutely clean.

My nephew has given my younger brother
A scientific report while they both flew
In my older brother's small airplane
Over the Kokosing River, that looks

Secret, it looks like the open
Scar turning gray on the small
Of your spine.

Can you hear me?

It was only in the evening I saw a few redwings
Come out and dip their brilliant yellow
Bills in their scarlet shoulders.
Ohio was already going to hell.
But sometimes they would sit down on the creosote
Soaked pasture fence posts.
They used to be few, they used to be willowy and thin.

One afternoon, along the Ohio, where the sewer
Poured out, I found a nest.
The way they build their nests in the reeds,
So beautiful,
Redwings and solitaries,
And the skinny girl I fell in love with
In late autumn married
A strip miner in late autumn.
Her five children are still alive,
Floating near the river.

Somebody is on the wing, somebody
Is wondering right at this moment
How to get rid of us, while we sleep.

Together among the dead gorges
Of highway construction, while we flare
Across highways and drive
Motorists crazy, while we fly
Down home to the river.

Where, one summer evening, a dirty man
Gave me a nickel and a potato
And fell asleep by a fire.

James Wright

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swers are honest, pragmatic, tentative. But he is unequivocal in his definition of justice, a system in which "truth and love are both strongly expressed: it is a goal integrally related to the means of nonviolent action." In the end, he says, "We are creatures of the old order who nevertheless want to help build the new. One of our programs must be ourselves. When we respond to the spirit (which is the spirit of the new order), we find ourselves already living the revolution. . . . What we can be sure of is what we *do*; there is some control over the acts we take. We know the quality of the act of killing, and we know the quality of the act of nonviolent noncooperation. This provides a realistic basis on which a person can choose."

While he gives many examples from history and from his own experiences to substantiate his arguments and strategies, Lakey may be most convincing to the skeptic about the future when he states this article of faith about the here and now. □

'The Same World-Dwarfing Stories'

EAGLE EYE. *By Hortense Calisher. Arbor House. 249 pp. $7.50.*

BONNIE STOWERS

Hortense Calisher's latest exploration of man's heart and head is as perilous and fascinating a voyage as any reader could hope to make this year. Few American writers deserve such praise. But Calisher is uniquely gifted and in *Eagle Eye* she has created a durable masterpiece, intriguing as a spider's web, a novel so absorbing that the idea of abandoning the fictional Bronstein family became impossible; two readings were required before I could say goodby. I could say I stayed on quite willingly. But the truth is that the Bronsteins refused to let me go.

The ties that bind the Bronsteins together are those dull, deadly twins, circumstance and habit. But in *Eagle Eye*, a family that less gifted writers would surely have wronged with all the old clichés has been made real, blessed with cowardice and frailty. Here, the Bronsteins represent the family of the universal rising executive, so very like my upward-bound yet needy relatives and friends that I felt sure I'd met them somewhere before and more than once. The same uncanny ability to evoke submerged traces of experience, the same disturbing sense of *déjà vu* that so distinguishes *False Entry*, is delightfully in evidence here.

But more than sorcery and polished technical skills are at work in *Eagle Eye*. The plot is carefully woven around the return of the wandering son, Bunty, to New York and his parents' latest acquisition—a grotesquely ornate apartment complete with peepholes that provide instant access to other rooms and other lives. Bunty, old "Eagle Eye," immediately recognizes the place as representing a logical progression, both different and the same as his various childhood "homes." It was a place he had anticipated. For Bunty's memories of Maeve, his mother, reveal a dedicated and agile shopper who brought home new ways of living, complete with matching bric-a-brac, as often as the family's pocketbook could stand. And Bunty's father, Quentin ("Buddy"), is no stranger to the push-pull of upward striving, the well-timed carrot and the stick.

But just when Calisher has you thinking she's created a mere "generation gap" novel, ominous warnings begin to issue, like deadly vapors, from the pages: Maeve's escapist shopping sprees have soured and become grim contests with death; Buddy's life has come to depend upon the dials, meters and plastic tubing of the "kidney machine" in a hospital. And Bunty, fascinated with computers which simulate the workings of the human mind, has been wandering around Europe, "draft deferred," while other young men are dying in Vietnam.

Molten guilt isn't the stuff that fills the center of the Bronsteins' universe, however. Their central problem is whether, and how, Bunty will survive. Can he make the necessary "connections," achieve "continuity," in our disconnected America? Will he "make it" if he denies his past, severs his ties with the very persons he knows have provided his identity? Bunty's task is classic, but Calisher's rendering of it is unique. For there are shattering additions to Bunty's bank of memories, alterations that must be considered and computed if he's to rise above the times. Here, Bunty narrating, Maeve reveals the nature of her relationship to Buddy:

> ". . . Buddy's a generous man. He doesn't like to see the money go out of the family, but he's generous. Every

Bonnie Stowers is a Wisconsin free-lance, and U.S. correspondent for an overseas syndicate (Transworld Features). Her work has appeared in Ms. *magazine,* Newsday *and the Madison* Capital Times.

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one of the girls he's had . . . has had a house built for her. When he moved on."

"Maeve." It stood to reason. That a man wouldn't have just one. But within a family, it's always a revelation. "Did you always know?"

"No, but should I mind, really? I'm the one he never left . . . he hasn't anybody now. And my house, he's grown to love it. Look at it. . . ."

". . . What about you?—did you ever?"

"Once. But he lived in the suburbs. We couldn't keep it up."

It was chilling of course. To find out they hadn't lived their lives for me. Still, I had been kept. For tonight.

And here, Bunty sums up his view of his parents' love:

I knew what they had. You see it any age, anywhere: none of us our age knows how to get out of it. . . . She and Buddy have a . . . lot in common, even without our long line of houses, the piles of stocks and bonds that must go with it, and me like a sick-and-sorry Cupid on top. . . . She and Buddy. . . . They dug each other's lies. They tell each other the same world-dwarfing stories. Call it love; people do.

Call *Eagle Eye* a novel, then. Some people will. But others will say it is a work of art. Count me among the latter, the faithful who are glad to wait and see what Hortense Calisher will think up next, the grateful ones who cherish the company of living beings she has molded with her wise hands. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

For the second year a bunch of uptown galleries put on a short but intense New Talent Festival. Nearly a hundred artists were shown. The seriousness with which the galleries took the occasion varied. Even if we do not restrict new to mean "appearing for the first time," at least it should mean "of recent origin." Gimpel and Weitzenhoffer included work by Karl Hagendern, a European artist who was born in 1922 and has been showing since 1964. A bit of the old country rather than new talent, I would say. This gallery also included Camille Billups, a black artist who I would have thought well enough known not to belong in a new talent show.

There were three one-artist shows: an Abstract painter, William Perehudoff, a dull-normal color painter, at Noah Goldowsky's; a British printmaker, Tom Phillips, at Marlborough Graphics Gallery; and Archie Peltier, an Americana assemblagist, at John Bernard Myers. The Grace Borgenicht gallery held a two-artist show: a supple combination of all-over linear pattern and mottled color by Gayle Immaura, and heavy-handed post-Matissean figurative art by Richard Pitts. I still think that one-artist shows should be part of a gallery's regular exhibition schedule (*The Nation*, June 25, 1973), but that new talent is best displayed in groups. Discoveries are more likely to be made among new artists early in their careers rather than among artists whom galleries have built up to one-man capability. Also it is a fact that there is a large backlog of unknown artists in the United States, and to reduce the number shown in one of the few attempts that commercial galleries make to cope with the problem is not to the point.

Opponents of modern art, or at least its skeptics, regard the art of our period as a mad rush for novelty, one symptom of which is the perpetual welcome of new talent. The idea has got about that new artists have a good time, that they represent a majority, that they enjoy the favors of a flighty establishment. Obviously a few people are lucky early, but this is not the rule. According to the galleries, they have been besieged by artists who had learned that the New Talent Festival was to be repeated this year. Another piece of evidence is that there have been two phases of cooperatives in New York; the first in the early 1960s, the second now in progress. Co-ops, galleries run by artists, appear when artists drastically outnumber the available gallery space, as they do now. The galleries, most of them founded between the late 1940s and early 1960s, are full up and more interested in advancing their own artists than in finding more. Not only that, but dealers' tastes tend to be set at various points in the recent past, so that they get less responsive to new talent the longer they have been in business. For example, the three painters shown by the Willard Gallery in the festival—Maxwell Gimblett, Pierre Haubensak and Jeff Way—are all 1960-ish Lyrical Abstractionists of one sort or another, the same style that the gallery emphasized last year.

Different dealers have different house-styles, and it seems that in several cases a unified image was the purpose of the show. For instance, the ACA galleries presented artists who seemed, for the most part, to be working in mixed styles: these included Photo-realism, but with gimmicky poses (Barkley L. Hendricks); Photo-realism blunted by painterliness (Ronnie Bogaev); a silk-screen imagery swamped in painterliness (Regina Sirniak). The Midtown Galleries concentrated on nature-images that tended to be formalized in emotive ways—gestural drag or cellular proliferation. The direction is not much to my taste, but I admire the consistency of the show; it amplifies logically the imagery of last year's group. There is a feeling at the Midtown that a dealer's taste is being obstinately followed, which is in welcome contrast to the overwhelming sense of the market at the print galleries. At the Associated American Artists Gallery and at Pace Editions Gallery, dealers had done their homework, and come up with, respectively, seven and five artists, but the neat styling and easy imagery of these low-priced multiple originals exclude all sense of the gallery as anything but a point-of-sale.

Broadly based group shows were held at Dintenfass (3), Tibor de Nagy (4), A.M. Sachs (6), Poindexter (7), Kraushaar (8), Forum (11) and Betty Parsons (18). I thought that Iria (Tibor de Nagy) is getting better and liked Anne Cooper Dobbins' extrapolation of Theo van Doesburg's camouflaged cows (Poindexter). The best shows in the festival were incontestably at the Forum and Parsons Galleries. It is not simply that these shows were numerically the largest, though I approve of that, but that they also possessed a sense of confident choice, not just in terms of projecting a gallery image but also of aesthetic decisions.

At the Forum the group ranged from life studies to abstracted fragments, but in every case there was a realistic basis. There were drawings by Donna Dennis or architectural façades, sliced into decorative segments. These are variants of her house-front constructions and though I prefer them in three dimensions, the drawings are vivid. Denise Greene showed line drawings of house façades and wash drawings of rooftops, without the stylization of Dennis, with a hint of Edward Hopper in her quotidian candor. Rosemary Mayer showed a group of drapery studies, in color, mostly derived from 16th-century paintings. The bodies are missing, so that the abundant ridges, scallops, folds and puckers of material imply angelic visitors and imperative but unseen gestures. Her scrupulous technique is detailed and solid, and her imagery moves from elliptical quotation to images of female presence. At Betty Parsons the group includes three artists whom I particularly liked. Natalie Alper, whose richly shadowed drawings carry traces of script, so that void becomes tablet, and Bilgé Friedlander, whose drawings are small in scale, but whose use of washes and cut paper has a strong physicality. (Incidentally, her work can be seen again in the A.I.R. Invitational, 97 Wooster Street, until July 2.) Margia Kramer uses pigment that has been scratched to animate the surface: the incised paint has a heavy density; again there is a strong sense of the physical components of the work. □

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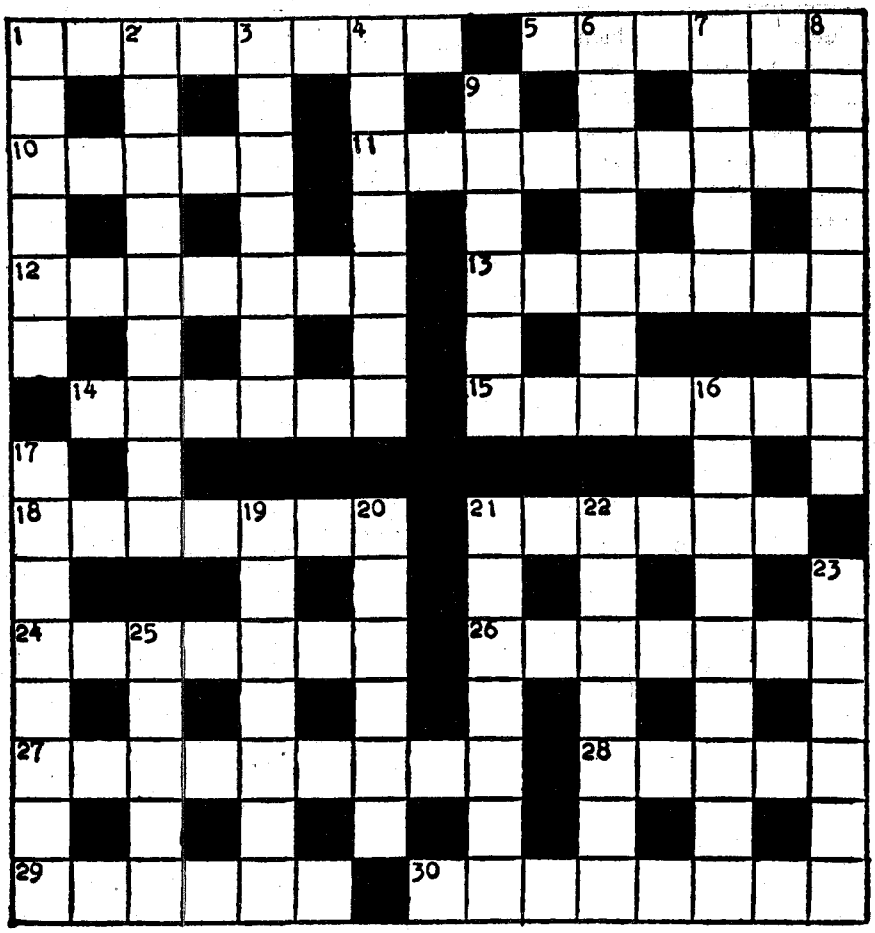

ACROSS

1 and 21 across In case of complexity, you couldn't find a better man! (8,6)
5 Dandruff behind your collar? (6)
10 It could be a rich academic spot. (5)
11 However, it's not exactly the way Nader says cars are unsafe. (2,3,4)
12 Something in tantalite that should make good tear-drops? (7)
13 Tire, having gone some distance before getting back into shape? (You might have to walk back, too.) (7)
14 Evidently he had trouble with the elements of 1-21's profession, but was not disturbed by it. (6)
15 Next to oxygen, it's most abundant. (7)
18 See 8 down
21 See 1 across
24 Tries one's hand, possibly. (7)
26 Unfortunately the beginning of Kansas is due to one in a much later state. (7)
27 Noah or some other inventor? (9)
28 From a hamlet, it's become quite a city, as you can see. (5)
29 See 25 down
30 Substantially, the latest ruling might be. (2,6)

DOWN

1 and 17 down A short time to get certain things moved by up-and-down motion, but there may be lots of them. (6-4,4)
2 Bundle up to speak, and give a highly detailed speech, at that! (9)
3 If one has truck with the British, it could exemplify these. (7)
4 Perhaps an Englishman and an American, but Keats looked into his work first. (7)
6 Shed a few tears last, in a way that might be clear. (7)
7 In practice, the country has lots of time to make it. (5)
8 and 18 across Only a fair verdict for Tom Jones implied? Without errors, it could be better. (8,7)
9 A player from Los Angeles on one side and the Minnesota team on the other? (It would be a good sign for Chicago if you want a third sport represented.) (6)
16 What a private eye might do for you, if looking for grounds to finish the game. (9)
17 See 1 down
19 Does it make the tag real loose? (2,5)
20 Flag officer? (He has a long way to go!) (6)
21 One way to cheer you up is to listen to the number. (7)
22 The first one up seems to get the weight in a switch position. (4-3)
23 Shakespeare's first stage representative. (6)
25 and 29 across Where one might find 21 across, as a way for the man who needs something, by the sound of it. (5,6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1543

ACROSS: 1 and 12 Arrowsmith; 4 Carpetbag; 9 Piaster; 10 Traipse; 11 Iris; 13 and 16 Back numbers; 17 Deflect; 19 and 25 Enteric fever; 22 Elector; 24 Tear; 26 and 14 Forebears; 29 Reenact; 30 Reptile; 31 Bay window; 32 Reset. DOWN: 1 Appliance; 2 Realism; 3 Wets; 4 Chromes; 5 Rotated; 6 Exam; 7 Biplane; 8 and 20 Greek tragedy; 15 After; 18 Three feet; 21 Created; 22 Eyebrow; 23 Two-bits; 24 Throb; 27 Taxi; 28 Spar.

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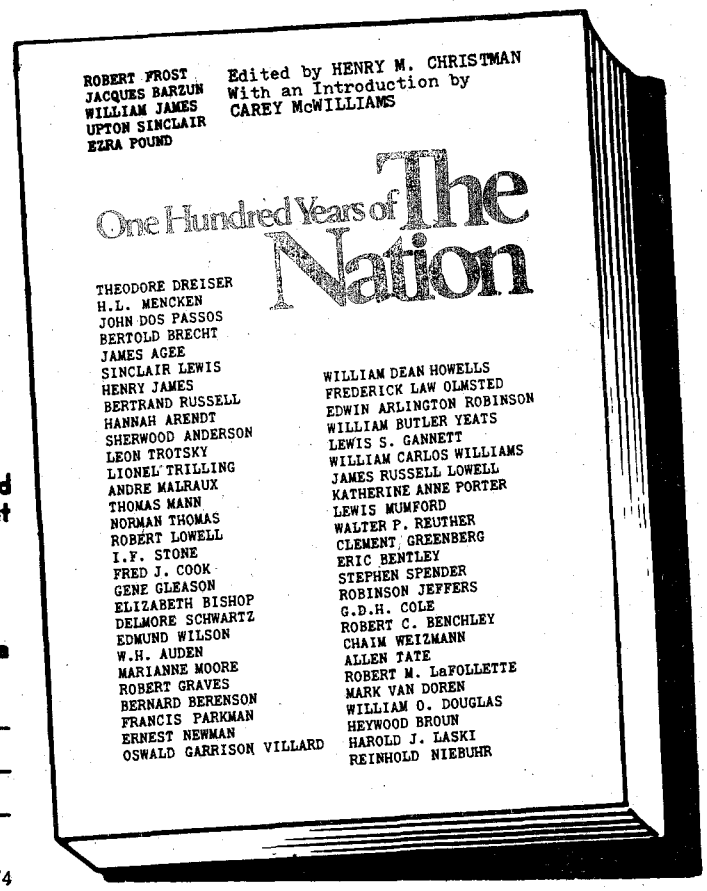

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